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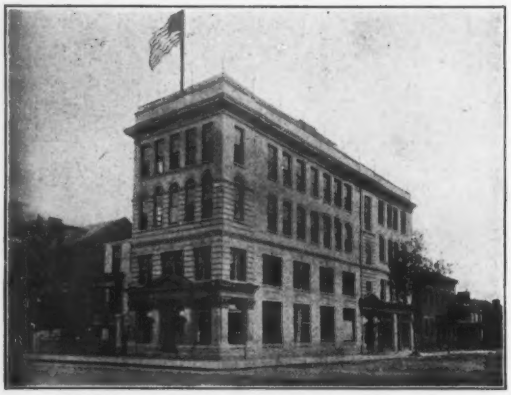

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THE CRISIS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Record of the Darker Races

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS, *Editor*

Volume 37, No. 6 **Contents for June, 1930** *Whole No. 236*

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Langston Hughes has been writing a novel and traveling in Cuba. After long silence, he sends some poems to THE CRISIS, which will be published in June. Also, there will be another story by a new writer, and John Davis may take "A Sentimental Journey to the South". Also pictures, news and comment.

As the Crow Flies

THE Naval Conference has been a huge and outstanding success. We have this on the word of President Hoover, Secretary Stimson, and most of the stenographers.—International Navies will be reduced as follows: The United States will build new war ships costing 100 million dollars a year for the next six years; Italy will build twenty-nine new war ships costing 40 million dollars in 1930; France can be depended upon to build as many as Italy; Great Britain and Japan will "replace" something-or-other in the line of floating fighters at a cost of many millions. Further reduction of international fleets will be taken up in 1935. God help us!—After all there is an advantage in burning up surplus convicts according to the Ohio plan. Overcrowding is relieved, board is saved, and the majesty of the law is upheld. —Why is it that May 1st is a day when all the world except Russia gets scared to death, mobilizes the police and keeps its soldiers ready in barracks? There must be an explanation somewhere.—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has been giving Germany a few points. He is sure that there are enough backward people to whom "a visionary theory of equality of men" does not apply, to furnish cheap labor and raw material not only for Great Britain, France and Italy, but also for Germany itself.—And now there seems nothing to do but for Ramsay MacDonald to arrest Mahatma Gandhi and make English troops shoot down Indians and deny to India the very freedom which the Labor Party promised them. What are promises between Englishmen?—When a Democratic Senator from New York discovers that the attitude of the white South towards Negroes is the same things as its attitude towards Labor, the millennium is in plain sight. Will Senator Wagner page Al Smith? —We understand that the Carnegie Peace Foundation and the Daughters of the American Revolution, together with the Colonial Dames and the American Legion have at last been able to agree upon a real program of World Peace. The items are as follows: recognize Russia; withdraw entirely from Haiti and Nicaragua; scrap half the Army and Navy and promise to do it again if we can obtain a second; reduce the tariff 10% a year for ten years; warn Great Britain and India in accordance with the Kellogg Pact; enforce the second section of the 14th Amendment. Of course we *may* be misinformed as to the above, but we'd hate to believe it. —The real trouble with any Anglo-Saxon entente is that no country in the world would believe Great Britain and America on oath. We have lied too often and too easily in the recent past.—"For 'tis the sport to see the engineer hoist by his own petard," which is another way of commiserating with the Youngstown and Bethlehem Steel Companies who are about to be swallowed by Wall St. in their efforts to escape the competition of the Steel Trust. Only a few more years and the Industrial World will be ruled by Wall Street and Russia.— The expansion of gases is the principal physical factor in the exploitation of Asia and Africa by Europe. These gases arise from gun powder which makes war, hot water which drives ships and machines, and carbon dioxide which runs autos and aeroplanes.— Statisticians are still trying to figure out a decrease in the number of unemployed. The unemployed are trying to figure out enough to buy breakfast.

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In writing to any advertiser in this magazine you will confer a favor on the publishers by mentioning THE CRISIS.

Uncle Sam (locquitur) "Shall I let him go, or shoot some more money out of him?"

Women Workers in Indianapolis

This is the story of a Y. W. C. A. that is different and is making at least an initial step in the economic re-building of black America by carefully ascertaining the present facts.

MOST organizations of the Y. W. C. A., even among colored folk, are of a conventional type. They have their Girl Reserves, their educational classes, and instruction in health, together with special work in music, nature study, and conducted play. They furnish dormitories and lodgings and secure employment. All these things the colored Y. W. C. A., Indianapolis, does. But this organization is especially noted for its work in studying and opening up industrial opportunity for colored women.

It is called the "Phyllis Wheatley Branch," and it began in 1922 with a group of colored women who felt the need of some constructive work for colored girls in Indianapolis. They organized a Volunteer Workers Group, and after a year this became a branch of the Central Y. W. C. A., with an Executive Secretary and a Committee of Management.

Their real work began with an effort to improve conditions in a local glove factory where colored women were employed. In the course of time twelve different industrial establishments were surveyed and advised. In 1923 and in 1929, they made surveys and reports. The State of Indiana has practically no labor legislation for women and publishes few statistics. Their study included all women in industry but did not touch household employees and women in business. In 1929, the survey reached 142 establishments, where 1,493 Negro women were employed. Fifty-four personal visits were made and other information gathered by reports and by telephone.

Many employers willingly gave information while others gave it grudgingly. In one place the visitor was refused admittance while in a large hotel the visitor was not allowed to enter the front door and had difficulties with the back door man who was not at all courteous. Owing to the fact that he was not told in detail the mission of the visitor, he refused to let her see the housekeeper with whom she had made an appointment. In another hotel the visitor entered the front door but was not allowed to ride on the elevator. One employer gave the investigator just five minutes for an interview, while he held his watch in his hand. Many such regulations had to be conformed with before the employment manager could be seen.

The summary says:

"Negro women workers in the city of Indianapolis are engaged primarily in the type of work classified as 'unskilled labor'. This includes jobs such as maids, waitresses, laundry work, elevator jobs which require short or no apprenticeships.

"The clothing industry was the only one requiring skill and a long apprenticeship. This industry includes the making of gloves, white duck coats and jackets and uniforms of various kinds. To be thoroughly efficient in this work one must be an apprentice for at least six months. It is in this trade that she receives her greatest opportunity for advancement and a higher salary. In other industries of the city Negro women are on the 'bottom round'. In many places where other women are doing machine processes, she does only the porter work or may help in the cafeteria."

Negro women also work in small numbers. There were 54 places hiring more than 5 girls and 88 hiring less than five.

"The abundant labor supply is not only a problem within itself as to how it can be absorbed into the economic system of the city, but it also helps keep wages low and working conditions poor. In all except three places the employers had lists of girls who wanted work, and it was therefore no trouble to replace those who quit."

In the case of 54% of the unskilled workers, data concerning wages were received:

A Glove Factory in Indianapolis

"Half of the women receive $10.00 or more, while the other half receive less than $10.00. Most of the women in the classification $10.00-$10.99 were getting $10.00 per week. Those who received $16.00 to $19.00 per week were cooks in large restaurants, and might be classed as skilled workers. Some of those receiving $13.50 per week were elevator girls.

"The majority of women, 467 in number, were getting $9.00 and $10.00 a week, and when room, board, clothing, education, and recreation have to be taken out of this sum it means that some of the very necessities of life must be done without.

"The skilled workers, 338 in number, received from $10.00 to $20.00 per week, with the majority of girls receiving between $12.00 and $15.00.

"The conditions under which the largest number of women work are certainly not pleasant. One of the rest rooms for colored girls was in the sub-basement, while the one for the white girls was on the seventh floor. In most of the department stores there was much congestion so that both white and colored women were poorly placed. However, with this congestion the policy of segregation was carried out thus making the place for the minority group small and uncomfortable. In some places there was only a partial partition between the rest room and toilet room.

Mrs. F. B. Ransom
Chairman, Committee of Management

"In the largest factory in the city for our girls where 300 are employed, the toilet rooms and rest rooms are well kept and working conditions are very good. Lighting, ventilation, and other necessary elements are also of the best.

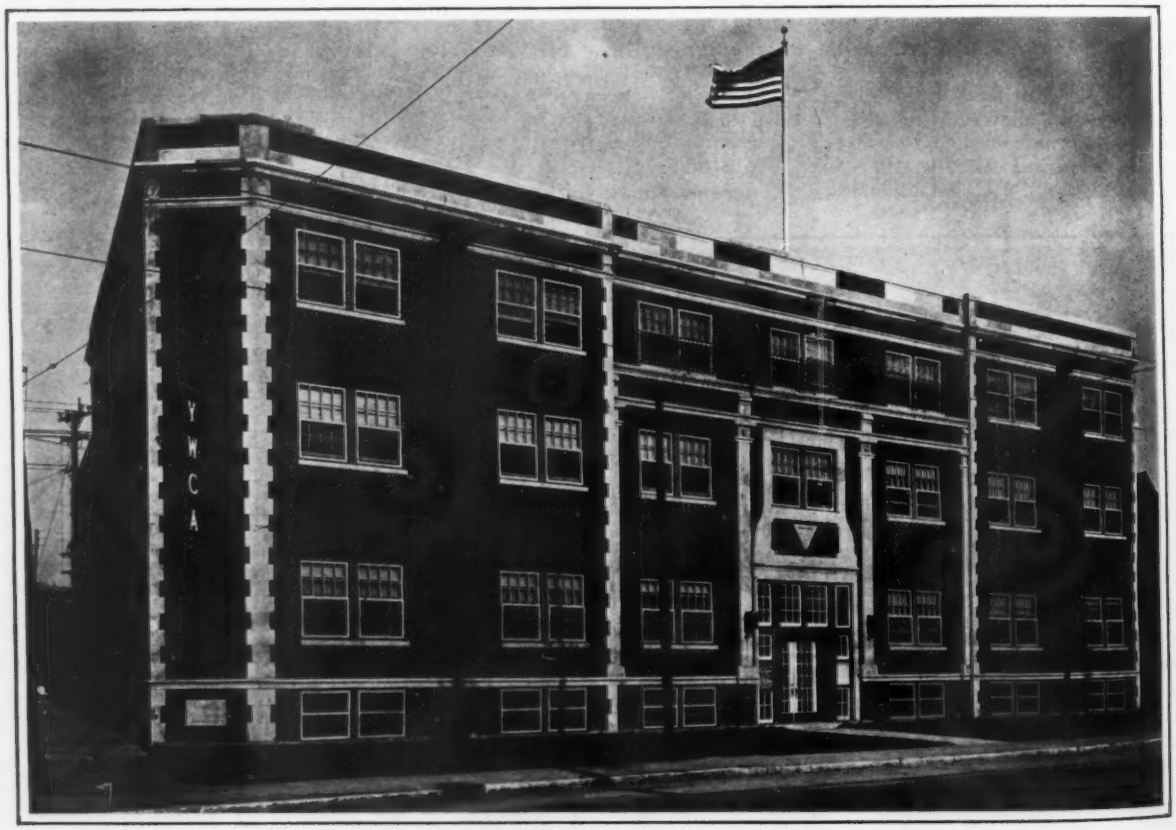
"Many of the jobs had a disagreeable element in them; for example, extreme heat, odors, and eye strain. These were not offset by attractive or adequate rest rooms. Conditions vary greatly.

"Seasonal industries often hire Negro women to work during the rush season, keeping only a few during the slack period. In one place the manager hired about 100 girls in summer and only 40 in winter. In another place the girls were called when needed. If there was lots of work she worked long hours each day and then maybe she had no work at all for the next week.

"Not one organization was found among Negro women employees for the betterment of industrial conditions in their plant, even where large numbers of them are employed. There were no shop committees, unions, or similar organizations.

"The places for training were almost as few as the organizations. The sewing industry trains its workers, and one department store has a training school in which a girl works a week before she is permanently hired."

It seems that the following facts would summarize the Negro woman and her industrial life in Indianapolis:



Phillis Wheatley Branch, Y. W. C. A., Indianapolis

1. She is primarily an unskilled laborer or on the bottom round of industry.
2. They work in small numbers.
3. The labor supply is abundant and there are few industries open to Colored women.
4. Poorly paid group with long or irregular hours.
5. Work under poor conditions.
6. Lack organization.
7. Lack training and a place to be trained.
8. They lack a chance for advancement.
9. Insecurity and uncertainty of her job.

The chief lines of work were the making of clothing, including gloves; meat-trimming in slaughter houses; tending machines which make glass bottles and carrying the bottles to the oven; laundry work; work on metals, including filing of small pieces of metal and working in the case room; dressing poultry; assorting rags and paper; working in department stores as stock girls, elevator operators, maids, cooks and kitchen helpers; working in hospitals as servants, cooks and elevator operators; working in hotels, restaurants and clubs, as maids, cooks, waitresses and kitchen helpers; and cleaning buildings.

Some investigation was also made of household employment, where so many Negro women earn a livelihood. The experienced woman day laborer of Indianapolis receives $2.60 per day, while those working for a weekly wage receive $9.00 and $10.00. Inexperienced persons get less than this.

"The Branch Employment Bureau does not send out full-time workers for less than $10.00 a week, but many calls desiring girls for less come to the building.

Miss May B. Belcher
Executive Secretary

"One lady called wanting a trustworthy, reliable, morally clean girl who was efficient, to do general housework and cooking for $6.00 a week. Another called for a part-time worker whose hours were to be from 7 to 2 and 6 to 8. The wage offered was $5.00 per week. This in reality meant that she wanted a girl to work seven hours a day, six days per week for $5.00.

"Most of those doing general housework have no place to house their help. They must stay at their own homes."

All this work of industrial investigation, together with the other activities of the Y. W. C. A., were for a long time housed in an old and inadequate building, and it seemed very hard to get anything better. In 1926, however, under the present Executive Secretary, Miss May B. Belcher, a site was selected, and then in December a white citizen of Indianapolis gave $10,000 for a building fund. The building program was put through in 1927. A total of $218,000 was raised, out of which $199,339 was paid for the lot, building and equipment. The new building was started in August, 1928, and formally dedicated in October, 1929. Its present membership is 1,700 women and girls. The building is beautiful and commodious with parlors, dormitories, a swimming pool, a cafeteria and other conveniences.

The Gilpin Players of Cleveland

THE most successful Negro Little Theater movement in the United States is that of the Gilpin Players in Cleveland, Ohio. This year, they have won unusual distinction. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, a leading daily of the Middle West, established a Theatre of the Nations. Thirty-six national groups were represented on the Advisory Committee and twenty-nine of these have given plays.

Among the nationalities represented were: Greek, Syrian, Negro, Hindu, Russian, Dutch, English, Bulgarian, Welsh, Armenian, Chinese, Hungarian, Slovak, Czech, Slovenian, Croatian, Swedish and German. During the remainder of the season plays will be presented under the auspices of the German, French, Spanish, Hebrew, Polish, Lithuanian, Danish, Yiddish, Ukrainian, Irish and Italian.

The Little Theater of Public Hall, designed and built for such a movement, is being used principally in the staging of these productions.

The project met with immediate success, each group presenting worthy productions and playing to packed houses, often turning hundreds away.

In this series the Gilpin Players presented "Roseanne" by Nan B. Stephens. "Roseanne" was produced in New York with Charles Gilpin as preacher in 1923 and a second time with Chrystal Herne in the title role. This year, the Gilpin Players produced it so successfully that the Ohio Theatre, one of the leading commercial theatres of the city, put the play on for a week's run, March 17.

This is the most successful accomplishment of any amateur group in the city. Who are the Gilpin Players? We can perhaps best learn of them from the mouth of Rowena Woodham Jelliffe, the young white woman who leads them. She writes:

"Back in the fall of 1920, four or five young men and women with a bit of blind groping in their natures for something creative and interesting, talked of the formation of a social-dramatic club which should be neither laboriously dramatic nor flippantly social. Their efforts in neither direction were strikingly successful but in spite of many trials, they didn't disband. In March of 1921, they came to me, told me of their interest and asked if I thought they ought to give it up or go on. I replied that I thought they ought to go on, not as a social-dramatic club but as a drama study group. Whereupon they asked for my leadership which I promised. For the balance of the winter, we read plays and talked of the function of drama and of the opportunity of the Negro in that field.

"I had come to my own opinions about the potential offerings of the Negro to drama back in 1916 and 1917 from playing with and watching Negro children playing with white children. I saw a definite difference in the play ways of the two races. It is hard now to say just what it was I saw, but it was something in the way in which they gave themselves to a situation—a surrender to the mood the game called for. And I came slowly to realize that this was the essence of drama, and that the Negro had racially the wherewithal from which to give abundantly to the art.

"Finally, we selected three one-act

plays for performance. Our work was begun. And from that time to this, the group has had continuous existence and regular performances. They have played to date sixty-four plays, are an incorporated group and still have active in the group all the charter members.

"Originally the group was called the Dumas Dramatic Club, but was renamed and incorporated as The Gilpin Players in 1923 out of appreciation of and gratitude to Charles Gilpin who, when playing in Cleveland in 'The Emperor Jones', came to see them, gave them good advice and much encouragement.

"At two periods during the last nine years, when I have been pressed by other duties in connection with the Playhouse work, have I stepped to the background in active direction of the group and employed for them trained dramatic coaches. From both of these people who were devoted to them and genuinely interested in them, they gained a deal of valuable experience and technique. But from my position in the background, I saw on both occasions that what these coaches were actually doing was to toss them trick after trick from the well-worn white actors' trick bag. Believing as I did, that the Negro had his own contribution to make to drama, I felt that we had better disband altogether than to deteriorate into a group of mere posturing performers. The result was that I took the group under my own direction, where they have been for the past three years.

"It is our purpose to develop the Negro's particular dramatic quality, to keep our group from being too contaminated by the western theatrical manner; to develop and use dramatic technique but never to be submerged by it. Whatever success we have had has been due to this and to the fine sincerity and earnest devotion of the group.

"In the early days, they were indignant at the very suggestion of doing a Negro play. So, although I have always wanted to do such plays, I never pressed the matter, preferring to wait with a good deal of impatience until they of their own accord should choose to do them. Our first Negro play was 'Granny Maumee,' Opinion about it was divided in the group and our audience both praised and damned us for doing it. The next year, we did "Compromise" by Willis Richardson which was slightly better received. And so, gradually we came to our present position, where we are proudest and happiest to do Negro plays. Since there are so few to do, the bulk of our playing is necessarily through the medium of so-called white plays. But when we do 'white' plays, we don't chalk our faces and 'prance white.' We simply and blandly disregard such a thing as race—and we somehow get by. Several critics have remarked that certain plays such as 'Sun-Up', 'Ice-bound' and 'Wappin' Wharf' take on a new and vital quality when performed by our group.

In the Little Theater Workshop

"For years we played in school buildings, or rented old beer halls—and came more and more to long for our own theatre. And the longing became so intense that finally, without any money back of us, we took over a terrible old pool room, rat-ridden, and demolished and made our own theatre. Those are heavenly days and nights to remember. We did all our own work. We plastered it, papered it, wired it, installed new plumbing, put a furnace in it ourselves. Far into the night we worked, doing bits of rehearsing while we worked, singing, forgetting that we were tired, growing to love our little theatre in a way that one loves only those things which they have created. Then we came to the decoration of it—and decided to make it African. Then there began the digging into musty, dusty old books and manuscripts to find—what *is* African. We copied beautiful wood carved bowls and made inverted light fixtures of them. Bits of picture writing we carved here and there, copied from cave walls. And over all, on the ceiling, we painted the great African sun. It is beautiful. We love it. It is ours."

Mrs. Jelliffe came to New York and did specialized work in the drama that she might have more of value to give to this group. She studied dramatic production under Robert Milton and David Burton, pantomime under Martha Graham and dancing under Michie Ito.

The Gilpin Players are the only Negro repertory group in the country that have a theatre of their own. Each year, they present six productions for their season's subscribers, giving five performances of each. Other plays are presented for special occasions.

The officers of the Gilpin Players are Hazel Mountain Walker, president; Pearl Mitchell, vice-president; Vivian Howard, secretary; Albert Haywood, treasurer; and Elmer Jay Cheeks, business manager.

Through their study of African art, the Gilpin Players learned of Paul

(*Will you please turn to page* 214)

Africa—Our Challenge

By MRS. SUSIE WISEMAN YERGAN

AFRICA which centuries ago lost step in the march of civilization is now forced once again into the line of procession. Whether she desires it or not, the impact of Western Civilization is upon her, compelling her to proceed in its direction or be trampled under foot. Although she can not yet advance with the same strides as the West, yet it cannot be denied that she is progressing. Her pace is necessarily tedious and irksome because the road over which she must travel is perhaps the stoniest in the world today, and the obstructions she must overcome are some of the greatest man has to encounter.

She moves forward so slowly that she appears to be merely marking time. Therefore it seems that those of us whose steps are a little quicker and firmer should reach out a hand to help her on this arduous march. This is a real challenge which we as American Negroes cannot well afford to ignore. It is true that as yet, we are just finding our own stride, for we face many of the same difficulties, but because of our long contact with Western civilization and the bitter experience through which we passed, we are better prepared to face them. Too, I believe that one great stimulus to advancement is self sacrifice. When we are willing to help carry the burdens of the weaker along with our own, we will gain more strength as we go on our way. Africa realizes the superior advantage of her American brothers and sisters and is looking to them to help her, if all others fail.

Max Yergan is the only American Negro Y. M. C. A. worker in South Africa. His admission and right to work was secured only after extraordinary effort and influence brought to bear on the officials of South Africa and in spite of efforts of certain American whites to block the project.

Mrs. Susie Wiseman Yergan is associated with her husband. She is a native of Salisbury, N. C., and an honor graduate of Shaw University. In addition to her duties as mother and teacher of her three children, she organizes and directs clubs for Native women and secures scholarships for Native girls to attend Lovedale Institute and the Fort Hare Native College. She returned to America last August on account of the illness of her mother. After a month her mother showed such marked improvement that it was possible for Mrs. Yergan to make several visits in the South, East and West in the interest of the African work, and to be present at the National Conference on Colored Work of the Y. M. C. A., at which she made this remarkably clear and challenging presentation of the claims of Africa.

Europe and America are just within recent years realizing the magnitude of Africa and the vastness of her potential wealth. This continent is said to be no less than one fifth of the land area of the world. It is three times as large as Europe and half again as large as the continent of North America. This huge continent which is the home of the black races is so chopped up and divided among the European powers that the native races, with the possible exception of those within the few Mandates, are foreigners in their own country. The country is in reality an immense extension of the continent of Europe. It is said that in the nineteenth century the population of Europe increased three-fold. This meant an enlarged demand for food, for more abundant supplies of raw material, and for new markets for the products of the factories. Then there was a great scramble by the powers of Europe for the possession of Africa whose mineral, agricultural, as well as animal wealth make it one of the most valuable quarters of the globe.

South Africa, where the climate is delightful for the greater part of the year and where the scenery is beautiful and inspiring, is a lovely garden spot for the Europeans who come to settle permanently in the country. After the over crowded conditions in Europe where the struggle for existence is keen, it is a paradise. This is true of the poorer classes who go out

The Gilpin Players of Cleveland in "Rosanne."

there to better their conditions. Although certain parts of Africa are unhealthy to the white man, South Africa is a resort for some of the health seekers of Europe. For various reasons Europeans have gone to South Africa to the extent of a million and a half.

The problems of South Africa are some of the most perplexing in the world today. These problems are created by this sudden impact of what is considered a highly developed civilization upon the lives of peoples for the most part in the primitive stages of human development. The Western capital which is being poured into the country to develop her rich resources creates a perplexing economic problem. The government of one people by another presents a complicated political problem. The presence of European population attempting to make a permanent settlement in the country alongside of a race whose background is essentially different develops an acute racial problem.

Lord Balfour once said that the economic, political and racial problems are all inter-connected so that they constitute a problem novel in history to which there is no precedent or parallel in the memory or experience of man. The difficulties of the African brought about by the European in South Africa are very real indeed. The Negro appreciates the benefits arising from occupation such as the suppression of human sacrifice, or incessant warfare and of slavery. The introduction of roads and railways have been a boon to the progress of the people. Trade, Education and Medical service have all contributed to the prosperity of the country. It is also true that Mission work can be carried on more effectively than before. The African realizes these benefits from the European; but at the same time he knows that he has lost so much that he will have to change his whole outlook on life in order to fit into the new state of things. He finds that his ancient customs, beliefs and social organizations have all been destroyed. He is left bewildered and devoid of anything to guide him over the confusing road Europe has mapped out for him.

The West which has such a superiority complex that it is difficult for her to understand the value of that which is unlike her own, does not realize the value of Africa's past heritage. Africa had a culture all her own. It was not necessarily inferior to Western culture but rather it was different. Since culture is said to be adapted to its environment and is in a certain degree created by it, the African had real culture—the full expression of racial life. His social organization was simple but adjusted to the needs of his simple life. His code of ethics embodied some of the highest ideals. For instance, the "Lobola Custom", which means the exchange of cattle for the bride, viewed superficially, is considered a mercenary act, yet it has a deeper ethical significance in that it insures protection to the bride. I know certain well educated girls who still hold that they want to be Lobolaed.

The African had his art. His sculpture is now attracting the interest of the West. His music, though not well known, deserves high appreciation. His imagination had found adequate expression, in an almost inexhaustible store of folk-lore which is often real poetry. In the caves of the Zimbabwe ruins I found not only paintings on the walls but also gold ornaments which showed that Africa had its culture.

Now in South Africa this heritage has been lost and the very foundation of the African's life has been swept from under him. He is left impoverished, bewildered and confused. He cannot follow the old lines which are broken, but he must follow new lines of Western civilization.

It is true that there are great regions in South Africa where primitive conditions still prevail; where the African still lives and works much as his forefathers did under a modified tribal rule. There are also large agricultural regions which are the natural home of conservative traditions, but the general system of government forced upon him is that of a highly civilized country.

The old system of tribal rule, with all of its defects, was suited to the needs of a primitive people. The presence of the European in the country has caused a gradual decay of this system. This tribal disintegration has brought about dangers and difficulties with which the Africans have been unable to cope. Numbers of them who have broken away from tribal life have sunk into a condition of misery and social degradation.

Under the ancient tribal system, the African had enough land for his needs because the struggle for existence was not keen. When that land proved worthless he moved on to another place and built his hut; but now the reserves where he can live are over crowded and the land often inferior. Very little is done to train him as an agriculturist. Therefore he can scarcely make a livelihood for his family from the soil.

When droughts, which prevail in many parts of South Africa, come as they have done in the last four years, he almost starves. When I and my husband returned to South Africa, the country had passed through a serious drought. As we rode along on the trains it was a sad sight to see the little nude children whose protruding ribs and thin legs showed signs of extreme hunger. Every time the train stopped, they ran along its side begging us to throw out the remnants of our lunch to them. When we did so they scrambled in the dust hungrily searching for the least morsel. At such times as this, the hospitals are filled to overflowing.

The result of this land system is that men must go away for periods of several months at a time while the women struggle on with the family at home. The young men who go to the mines form the largest single groups. It is said that annually they average 180,000 of the best specimens of manhood between the ages of 18 and 30, south of the Zambesi. In these great mining centers we find them herded together in the close, unsanitary quarters, imbibing the immoralities of the lowest classes of Europeans and catching their diseases. Very often they return broken in health or perhaps injured by some accident. One of our most frequent visitors was a blind man, 40 years old, who lost his sight by an explosion in the mines and was paid $100 for the injury. These figures indicate the dangerous character of the mine: during the years 1916-21 inclusive 15,954 casualties occurred, the deaths being 2,936. The commonest source of accident is overhanging rock. During the same period 18,331 died of disease. This is a great sacrifice to the race when one considers that the workers are chosen from the best physical types of manhood. There is some improvement in conditions since that time but still the death total is heavy.

The females also flock to these areas by the thousands and sink along with the males into the lowest depths of shame and degradation. Drink and illicit liquor traffic are some of the overwhelming evils. Not only the men and women drink, but young children. Women because of the cut of their garments conduct illicit liquor traffic more successfully than men and more are engaged in it. Fatal brawls are frequent. It is said that in one school of a hundred children, only fifteen or twenty pupils came from homes having paternal protection.

Besides finding employment in the mines, big strapping men accept employment as household servants in certain parts of South Africa. Although they may be bearded men, these "boys" as they are called, perform the tasks of

cook, housemaid, and even nurse maid. It is estimated that about 50,000 of them are admitted to European homes during the course of eighteen months. Since sweeping, dusting, making beds and the like, are duties which take them through all parts of the house during any part of the day, they are often exposed to immodesty and indiscretion on the part of the women of these homes. This tends to lower their respect not only for these women but for all womanhood. These male household servants morally and spiritually are a neglected group.

The change from a primtive, pastoral life in the free open country where there is plenty of sunshine and fresh air to the squalid crowded slums in the cities creates a situation calamitous to the race, for these people are in every way unprepared for the sudden transition. Contrasted with the simple life in the kraal huts, we find them huddled together in iron shanties, sometimes eight or ten living in one room. One writer has said that in Johannesburg the slums are so disgraceful and immoral that the thought of them murders sleep. The conditions under which people live in locations outside of South African towns are awful beyond description. We do not say that the old life is always pure and clean but it was wholesome compared with this slum life.

Before the advent of the European into the country, the amount of work that the African did was regulated by his immediate needs which were not great. In South Africa cattle breeding was his chief occupation. This easy pastoral life together with the climate had such an effect upon his character that it is exceedingly difficult for him to make adaptation to regular work under modern conditions. Accustomed to a world without clocks, where time is of little consequence, and where they can do what they like and when they like, the regular and persistent methods of European industry soon become irksome to them, so that they must go home and rest a while. They are therefore accused of indolence and are paid a very low wage for their work.

Under changed conditions when the African's life is no longer simple and primitive, he finds it very difficult to make a livelihood for his family on the low wage he receives. When his maximum wage may be $15 per month it is very hard for him to feed a family which may consist of a wife and from 5 to 7 children especially when civilization demands that he adopt European dress, etc. When he has to pay from four to five dollars for a bag of corn, which is his staple diet, it is barely possible for the family to exist.

Again the Color Bar Bill, which was passed in 1926, discourages his efforts to become a skilled laborer, for he would hardly be given a certificate by the government which would entitle him to seek employment. This Color Bar Bill was introduced as a measure of protection to the 130,000 "poor whites" whose degeneracy is assumed to be due to the black man's competition and upward rise. It is a cruel blow to the African for it condemns him always to bottom unskilled work while the skilled work to which he naturally aspires is reserved for the white man.

The health of the people is greatly affected by this new life for they not only suffer from their own diseases, with which many of the witch doctors could very well cope, but they suffer from the diseases of the white man; these the African does not understand. Therefore tuberculosis, sleeping sickness and the like play havoc with the people, whose poverty and ignorance do not allow them proper medical attention. The death rate is high especially among children.

Under the changed conditions the people do not know how to care for children properly for they know nothing of disease, germs, flies, mosquitoes, etc. One day I read these startling figures: In one year of the 575 born at Port Elizabeth 154 died; at East London, of 597 born, 131 died; at Johannesburg, of 470 born, 173 died. All these deaths occurred before the age of twelve months. One report I read showed an infant death-rate at Johannesburg of 455 deaths per thousand against 60 per thousand in a European town a mile away. In the same year in an enlightened country like England only 12 out of a thousand died. These are some of the appalling situations in South Africa.

Although I said South Africa has lost heavily, and because of her impoverished condition there is moral and physical degeneracy, yet we believe the trend is upward. The missionaries who have borne the burden these long years are seeing results. Out of the scanty funds which are provided largely by the poor in their homelands, they have carried on the work in spite of indifference, oft times opposition. They even persevered when the African himself saw no need of mission work. As a result the young Africans are clamoring for education. It is through this group of students that we hope to help Africa find her way over her precipitous roads.

Another important aspect of our work has been along interracial lines, for the hope of Africa rests not only with the African students but with the European students who will perhaps have the largest responsibility in shaping her destiny. At first it was barely possible to get a hearing but now Mr. Yergan has responded to pressing invitations to address large European gatherings in the colleges of South Africa. It is encouraging to find numbers of these Christian students not only willing to study these situations concerning the welfare of the Africans, but actually ready to pay the price.

In a small conference at Lovedale both European and African students met and it was a joy to see how frankly and fearlessly both groups discussed the most delicate interracial questions. At a European student conference in a small Dutch village, Mr. Yergan spoke in a public meeting at the city hall. When he had finished some of the most conservative of the older Dutchmen mounted the rostrum and shook his hand, tears almost streaming down their cheeks, and exclaimed that they now saw this whole racial problem in a new light and intended to live their last years according to that light. Truly great spiritual forces are at work in Africa even as they are in other parts of the world today. It is the dawn of a new day for Africa.

Our task now is to try to raise up among the students we reach through our associations a number of strong leaders who will give their lives unreservedly to the people in the years to come. This we believe to be a new era upon which we are now entering and this era will demand well educated, deeply consecrated, inspired men and women who will lead the people. We hope our movement will soon be in position to provide this leadership.

The building which we hope to erect at Fort Hare will serve not only as headquarters for the work (I might say just here that our headquarters are now on our back veranda), but also a training center for this new leadership. We hope that this building will serve as a kind of an experimental laboratory for trying out different types of social work.

In the second place it is now time to begin a type of work for the non-student groups who live in the town. If we do not then the purpose of this leadership will be lost. The Associations will be the channels through which inspired, trained men may guide the lives of other young Africans. Something of this kind is so much needed for this non-student class of young people. It is a deplorable sight to see them gathered on the street corners at night and on Sunday afternoons with nothing to do, for life for

(*Will you please turn to page* 212)

THE N.A.A.C.P. BATTLE FRONT

21ST ANNUAL CONFERENCE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

IT was generally known and felt that the twenty-first Annual Conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in Springfield, Massachusetts, would be an event important not only in the history of the Association but in the history of the Negro in America. It was felt to be appropriate that the Association, which has carried on the long struggle for complete emacipation and full opportunity for the American Negro should hold the gathering that marked its majority, the entrance upon its twenty-first year, upon old abolition ground, in Massachusetts.

More than this, the record of achievement by the Association, embodied in the victories it has won in the highest courts of the land, and its victorious marshalling of public opinion, have made this year's meeting of unusual significance. For one thing, the results are to be announced in Springfield of that nation-wide movement among colored Americans, through the Moorfield Storey-Louis Marshall Memorial Campaign, to testify to their gratitude to the two great champions of the Negro's basic rights and to the living faith that the work of defense, of emancipation and of affirmation must and shall go on.

But something has happened of which the entire country is deeply conscious, that adds immensely to the importance of this year's gathering. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People comes to Springfield not merely as a legal aid body, not merely as the champion of the weak and defenceless against prejudice and rapacity, not merely as a voice crying in what often has seemed to be the veriest wilderness. It comes to Springfield this year as the leader in one of the major political battles to have been fought by any minority group in this time, having for its object to defend the highest court in the land against the imputation of domination by political forces for crass political advantage.

No reader of THE CRISIS, probably, will remain ignorant of the struggule the N. A. A. C. P. made against the confirmation of President Hoover's nomination to the U. U. Supreme Court of Judge John J. Parker of North Carolina. That struggle echoed throughout the civilized world. It has formed the subject of leading editorials in so many newspapers that merely to cite their names would take up a good part of an entire page in THE CRISIS. Thousands and thousands of feet of news space were given to this struggle which convulsed the ranks of the dominant political party in the country, the Republican party, and which brought clearly into the open one of the major questions confronting the American Negro today; namely, the right to vote, as a full-fledged citizen of the United States of America.

As we go to press the news comes that the victory is won by a vote of 41 to 39. John Johnston Parker has been refused confirmation by the Senate as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Thirty-four Republicans and 13 Democrats favored Parker, while 22 Republicans, 26 Democrats and 1 Farmer Laborite opposed him. This is the greatest political victory which united Negro America has won since the Civil War.

Other groups beside the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People helped. The American Federation of Labor repeatedly voiced its opposition. Liberals, who have been apprehensive of the conservative and even reactionary tendency of the U. S. Supreme Court, have also been opposing Parker.

But, it has generally been conceded, the outstanding blows against the Parker nomination were struck by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, functioning through its National Office, through its branches in the various states and cities of the country, and backed up staunchly by the colored editors of the nation, who have made themselves felt as the unified voice of a strong group in America. That fight was recognized by the nation at large and by the colored people themselves to mark a new epoch in the civil and political status of the American Negro. Now for the first time, Negroes were vocal and were making themselves felt as an organized political unit, with votes in many states carrying with them the balance of power in the coming senatorial elections. No longer as a supliant who might be disregarded at will or convenience, but as a legal voter, a full-fledged citizen and a bearer of political responsibility and power, the Negro's voice was heard.

That voice of the aroused Negro not only brought about a formidable revolt among Republican Senators against the policy of President Hoover in seeking to conciliate the "Lily White" Southerners; but it threw consternation into the ranks of the Democrats as well. The Democratic senators were placed between the devil and the deep sea. On the one hand, if they supported Judge Parker's candidacy, they were helping to reward the solid South for going Republican. On the other hand, if they opposed Judge Parker, they were joining with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in opposing the Supreme Court nominee whom Senator Cole Blease of South Carolina referred to as "the South's only hope". It was a pretty political picture, which the Negroes and their friends could look on with considerable amusement, of a Republican President, attempting to rely upon Southern senators in order to place upon the bench of the United States Supreme Court a Southern judge who had displayed his contempt for the 14th and 15th Amendments to the U. S. Constitution, in a political speech made ten years earlier.

What Judge Parker said, in April, of 1920, when he was a candidate for Governor of North Carolina, was quoted from in the Greensboro *Daily News* of April 19, 1920. Clipping of that news article is in possession of the N. A. A. C. P. Photostat copies were made and widely distributed. Since the exact quotation is of considerable importance, forming the basis of the N. A. A. C. P. opposition to Judge Parker, I reproduce it here in full. Judge Parker's undenied and unrepudiated remarks in 1920 as published in the Greensboro *Daily News* were as follows:

"The Republican party in North Carolina has accepted the amendment* in the spirit in which it was passed and the Negro has so accepted it. I have attended every State Convention since 1908 and I have never seen a Negro delegate in any Convention that I at-

* That is the state constitutional amendment of 1900 which disfranchised Negroes and contained a "Grandfather clause" which the U. S. Supreme Court in 1915 declared unconstitutional.

tended. The Negro as a class does not desire to enter politics. The Republican Party of North Carolina does not desire him to do so. We recognize the fact that he has not yet reached that stage in his development when he can share the burdens and responsibilities of Government. This being true, and every intelligent man in North Carolina knows that it is true, the attempt of certain petty Democratic politicians to inject the race issue into every campaign is most reprehensible. I say it deliberately, there is no more dangerous or contemptible enemy of the State than men who for personal or political advantage will attempt to kindle the flame of racial prejudice or hatred . . . the participation of the Negro in politics is a source of evil and danger to both races and is not desired by the wise men in either race or by the Republican party of North Carolina."

Judge Parker's own statements condemn him as unfit to sit on the U. S. Supreme Court. It remains to say a few words of what the struggle against him by the N. A. A. C. P. implied.

First of all, it meant a steady unremitting stream of messages to branches of the Association throughout the United States, by telegraph, telephone, air mail and special delivery. It meant a steady stream of releases to news distributing agencies and leading editors of influential dailies. It meant keeping in touch with Washington correspondents of leading newspaper and services. It meant keeping tabs on the various Senators, notifying people in the various states when and how strong pressure could be exerted. It meant letters to editors urging editoral support for the fight, commending their endorsement, opposing their influence when it threatened to be cast in favor of Judge Parker. It meant keeping in touch with hosts of people familiar with the political situation who could make suggestions or themselves exert an active influence. Besides this, at the very height of the struggle, officers of the Association addressed mass meetings at strategic points: Mr. White in Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland; Mr. Arthur Spingarn and Dr. Du Bois in Philadelphia.

Discounting the strain of keeping such a major political contest in motion, the expense alone of it was considerable. Hundreds of long and explicit telegrams had to be sent to keep people in distant places informed of what they must do and do promptly. The long distance telephone had to be used constantly to Washington, to Philadelphia and to other strategic points.

The National Officers mainly concerned with this fight, for the time being disregarded matters of expense. They went ahead and telegraphed and telephoned where they felt it to be vital and necessary, relying upon colored people throughout the United States to rally to them and help them to meet expenses at a time when there was literally not time to ask anyone for money. Some people realized the situation and even without solicitation sent in small contributions to help carry on the fight. But these were only a few. Support on a nation-wide and in terms of hundreds of thousands is absolutely essential. Colored people and liberal white people have had a chance now to see what the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People can do in a critical situation. It is up to them now to help pay the bills, to help strengthen this instrument which is at their service and at the service of all who wish to uphold the Constitution of the United States in its guarantees to minorities. The opportunity is here, through the Moorfield Storey-Louis Marshall Memorial Campaign, to testify to appreciation of what the N. A. A. C. P. has done and is still doing. The tale will be told when the N. A. A. C. P. meets in 21st Annual Conference in Springfield, Massachusetts, on June 25. To all who wish well to this work the opportunity lies open to help and strengthen it. And help of a definite, tangible nature, in money, is now sorely needed. What will you do about it?

H. J. S.

THE OUTER POCKET

I HAPPENED today to run accrost a copy of "Crisis". It seemed to me to a very interesting publication.

There is one suggestion which I think proper to make and that is to refrain from "apeing". By this I mean stick to your negro culture and develope it. Do not try to intrude into the white sphere develope a sphere of your own. A pursuit of this attitude will bring you the support of whites and all sensible negros. Any other attitude is disastrous as it is silly for any attitude that in any way threatens the integrity of Anglo-Saxon civilization will subject the negro to contempt and all the different forms of pressure that are used in such instances. It is essential that the negro keep to himself voluntarily if he does not want to increase white antagonism. He should remember that he only constitutes about 9% of the population and he can not expect the remaining 91% to tolerate anything that might tend to make us a mongrel high yellow nation.

If you are realy after respect and co-operation for your race you must respect the sensibilities, pride and history of Anglo-Saxon people of their race and institutions.

Hopeing you will take this in the spirit that it is writen.

ANTHONY R. WILLIAMS, ESQ.
University of Virginia,
University, Va.

[The editor begs to assure Anthony that at least we shall not "ape" his spelling.]

Our club—The Progressive Literary Club, which is an organization composed entirely of the colored inmate body of the Ohio State Penitentiary—has for its meeting place one of the dormitories of this institution. After the day's work, it is the custom of our members to meet for the purpose of discussing and debating such current and historical topics as we might find interesting. But, while we have a library here, and enjoy the privilege of drawing books, our scope of literature dealing with the Negro Race is very—very limited; and, after all, it is this class of literature in which we are most interested.

Therefore, if you have anything in the way of History, Biography, statistics, or stories in which our people have played parts; and feel that you would like to contribute it to our cause, we will be very glad to receive it.

The Progressive Literary Club.

After years of continuous reading of THE CRISIS and other race maga-

zines, I find that your association or any of the other race organizations does not make any effort to help the young men and women of the race who have made mistakes in life and have been incarcerated for same.

I think that would be great and wonderful work for such an organization which you head. I don't think that you and the members of the Association realize how hard it is for the young men and women of the race to get a new start in life after once being incarcerated. If you did you would gladly make some effort to help them.

———— ————,
Eastern State Penitentiary,
Drawer 2676 Station J.,
Philadelphia, Penna.

THE CRISIS is a sheer delight. Its illustrations alone would make it notable. Why man, the camera is your weapon, the answer to all talk about the racial inferiority of the Negro. Your people not only look as intelligent as does the average American—but more intelligent. And W. C. Matney's articles show the best grasp of sound economic principles that I have come upon for a long time.

I must admit, too, that I have heretofore regarded your Association with a certain prejudice—not race-prejudice, but political prejudice. This was due to what my European correspondents say of you—that you are not so much Black as Red. But I am glad to see that you are *much blacker than painted.*

HARVEY WICKHAM,
Rome, Italy.

May I presume to comment upon two or three points of absorbing interest in January's CRISIS? The Presumption to be excused not by reason of the slightest degree of authority, or authoritative knowledge, possessed by me, but solely because I am a Negro, and, therefore, like any member of any race, interested beyond all else in my own particular welfare.

First of all, although it will seem like trying to gild the lily in speaking of such an obvious fact, the articles "Exploitation or Co-operation" by W. C. Matney, are magnificent. What a brain! What a man! The Magnificent Matney.

Then, D. de Sola Pool, himself, might fittingly display the excellent qualities of gentlemanliness, aristocratic dignity and courtesy, by regarding the utterance of the phrase "this Hell of America", as a calm dispassionate statement of fact; which it undoubtedly is.

JOHN D. EARLE,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

We do appreciate THE CRISIS so much. It grows better and better—from cover to cover and typographically perfect! A product of 20 years! Many of the years were heartbreaking and disheartening—and comparing some of those years you are now "on top of the world." We are glad and wish you all a successful and prosperous 1930.

WALTER H. PRICE,
Hartford, Conn.

I am enclosing check for renewal of my subscription for your wonderful publication. I get a great deal of pleasure in reading this magazine as it touches on the things of the greatest importance to our group. You seem to be able to condense your matter to such a degree as to always make it interesting reading. Keep up the good work and may the next 20 years prove as successful as those just past.

JAMES C. DENHAM,
New York.

I am asking you to please have my CRISIS well wrapped as everything is watched here. Please omit the word CRISIS on the Wrapper.

Here I try to fill a dual position for the time—principal of the school and social worker. I realize now, more than ever, what it means to work in the South.

————— ————,
Florida.

Whenever a man does well a piece of work for the public good I feel like speaking of it while he is yet alive, not waiting to speak of it standing over his bier.

The American Negro if he but knew it is in several sorts of plight but none worse than his economic one. Of what good is a college diploma. the ballot, or being called "Mister" or "Miss," if one has no job, no money, no shelter into which to crawl at nightfall? Worse off than the foxes which have their holes or the birds with their nests.

The ancients put their emphasis on the invisible. Hear them say, "lay up your treasures in heaven", or, "what will a man accept in exchange for his soul?" But we moderns have more hard sense than the ancients had. While not entirely neglecting the spiritual, we put our greatest stress on being comfortable here below and ask, "of what value is it if a man has no fresh towel, no changing suit, no magazine to read?"

In using his able, analytical mind to study the economic difficulties of our race, Mr. Matney has acted like a wise and modern man. He prescribes co-operation as the only way out if we get out at all; extensive, intensive co-operation. Who can improve upon such a prescription?

Before closing this article I wish to make one vain and idle wish: would that we Southern Negroes might learn how to promote and to maintain economic co-operative enterprises on the scale we build churches and society halls.

W. E. FRANKLIN,
Three Notch, Ala.

Dear Dr. Sherrod:

I recently saw an old number of the Negro Periodical "THE CRISIS" in which I also saw your picture and a foot note which read "The leading Physician of Meridian, Mississippi". You will understand why I am writing you since I want to be a doctor myself.

I am a Liberian boy and will be twenty years of age the 25th of the ensuing July. I have had two years of High School training and would like to attend school some more to prepare my self to study medicine. I have asked many people about my plans to become a doctor and many think that I am starting too late.

Presently I am now earning some money to go to America so that I might pursue the necessary studies.

Seeing your name in such a popular newspaper as "THE CRISIS", and you being one of my own race I thought to ask you for your advice in the premises since you, too, must have had some difficulties in your line of study and work.

Please write me a letter of advice if you have the time, and also pardon the liberty I take in writing you. I simply could not help writing you because you should know about this business.

S. RAYMOND HORACE,
Liberia.

Perhaps the most interesting sign of discrimination I have ever seen in my travels over the world is one that is both effective and unusually legal. It is in a prominent place in a Detroit restaurant and is as follows: "Colored trade NOT desired."

The usual effect is I suppose, when seen by a colored person, that person's pride is hurt with the desired effect that he does not remain to be served. It is to my mind legal inasmuch as the owner does not refuse to serve and if called upon will, as he did me, and he refused to be drawn into a controversy that would lead to a refusal or infraction of the law.

I draw this to your attention simply as a means of possibly anticipating a movement which may and can become general all over the United States.

Private Walker Goes Patrolling

A Story

By VICTOR R. DALY

JERRY WALKER did not know what it was all about. He made no secret of that. To him, the war was somebody's else business—and he had always been told to mind his own. He had a very remote idea that somewhere across the river and out beyond Memphis, somebody was having a war. He would have none of it. He hated a fight.

But the man at the Court House in Cotton Plant thought differently. With a heavy heart and a heavier foot Jerry Walker dragged himself into Camp Pike. Elijah couldn't have been any more bewildered when he landed in Heaven. The rows and rows of little wooden barracks awed him. Marching soldiers and barking non-coms terrified him. Hustle, bustle, everywhere. Jerry was just plumb scared to death.

The next chapter in Jerry's life might have been entitled "Six Weeks" or "From Farm-hand to Dough-boy". Jerry made a bum soldier. Naturally as aggressive as the family cow, one other factor contributed to his unhappy lot—the top-sergeant.

"Memphis Bill", otherwise known as First Sergeant William Dade, was a born soldier, if soldiering meant the love of a fight. Memphis Bill was known to pack a punch. Beale Street could testify to that. Six foot four in his stocking feet, arms dangling to his knees, voice sounding like a bass horn —thundering, threatening, cussin', what a top-sergeant he did make! Bill was a man among men. He also thought that he was a man among women, too. As a matter of fact, Bill had only one real weakness—women. He was even more proud of his charm and grace among the women, than he was of his strength and prowess among the men of his acquaintance.

Memphis Bill had taken a hearty dislike to Jerry Walker at first sight. Deep in his subconscious mind, Bill had the feeling that somewhere before he had met this same Jerry—and there was something peculiarly distasteful to Bill about the thought. He felt that he knew this "aukard, lazy, good-fernothin' stiff" as he characterized Jerry, but for the life of him, he couldn't figure out why or how or where he had ever "met up wid de laks of sich trash befor' ".

"Whar yo' frum, sojer?" he had roared at Jerry on the occasion of their first meeting in the mess hall.

"Awk'nsaw", was Jerry's laconic reply, and from then on Bill knew that he disliked Jerry.

Not long after, Bill had suddenly jumped up from a huge boulder on which he had been resting by the side of the road and marched straight over to Jerry, who had seized the few minutes of rest on his first practice hike, to remove his shoes.

"Sojer, yo' ever been'n Memfis?" he had demanded of Jerry.

"Once't," came the meager, disinterested response, and Bill had walked back slowly to his boulder shaking his head and mumbling to himself.

The top-sergeant's dislike for Jerry showed itself in many forms. Poor Jerry found himself a member of every disagreeable detail. There was no end of kitchen police for him. When stumps on the drill ground had to be grubbed, his was the first name called. He never was assigned to guard duty in the middle of the week, only on Saturdays and Sundays, when the rest of the outfit was off duty. Sergeant William Dade was relentless in his petty persecution of Private Jerry Walker.

Jerry, on the other hand, didn't exactly fall in love with the top-sergeant at first sight, either. But for that matter he didn't like the lieutenants, or the captain, or the army, or the war. He hated a fight, although he was no coward. He kept repeating to himself that the war was none of his affair, and he detested everything connected with it. And because he hated the war and the army and the officers and the details, most of the top-sergeant's persecution was absolutely lost on Jerry. Since he was there against his will anyhow, what difference did it make what he was called upon to do. Kitchen police was no more disagreeable than marching for hours up and down the dusty old drill ground, and never going anywhere. Just marching, marching, marching—and never arriving! Grubbing stumps was a pleasure compared to the ridiculous tactics of flopping down on your stomach behind the stumps and stupidly clicking the trigger on your gun as though you were shooting at somebody. And guard duty was no trouble—it was a relief—a relief to get away from everybody, and be by himself in some lonely patch of woods down by the railroad station, or way out by the highway gate where only a few stragglers would pass all day.

So most of Memphis Bill's scheming hostility to Jerry went for naught. The sergeant listened in vain for the first word of complaint or the first sign of dissatisfaction on the part of his victim—and Jerry's total indifference just further infuriated him.

"I wish he'd open his mouf, so I could mash it", Bill would sigh to himself. But Jerry never opened it.

* * *

"Sergeant, I want you to take a detail of four men and explore the abandoned communication trench running out in front of the Company sector. Wait until it gets dark. Don't go too far; but go far enough to contact the enemy barbed wire."

"Yas suh, Cap'n," spoke up Sergeant Bill Dade, and saluting, turned on his heel and strode thoughtfully away.

"Detail, detail", he kept mumbling to himself, "hyar's whar I fixes dat pol'cat frum Awk'nsaw."

"Co'pral, git me two o' yo' men right quick, an' hav'em repo't to mah dugout at once't," commanded the top-sergeant to the first corporal he could find.

"Hey, yo', sojer!" roared Bill a few minutes later, stepping up behind Private Jerry Walker who leaned absently against the parapet of a trench, looking out into space, wondering what it was all about.

"Git yo'self t'gidder an' cum 'long wid me—stanin' dar lak Ston'all Jackson! What yo' starin' at, anyhow?"

"Nothin'," drawled Jerry, looking up from his reverie, and glaring into the scowling face above him.

Bill's brow darkened, and he glowered at Jerry with an evil eye. That crushing right fist itched nervously. "Not now," he mumbled to himself, "mah time'll cum."

"Sta'k dem rifles hyar in dis dugout! Whar yo' alls t'inks yo' alls gwine—Berlin?" shouted Sergeant Dade, as he lined up his patrol for final instructions and inspection.

The sun had dropped hazily behind the wooded peaks of the Vosges several hours before, and a cloudy sky gave promise of one of those inky, pitch-black nights that this sector was noted for. Nights that seemed to be hewn from ebony itself. Nights on which it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Nights on which it was just as dangerous to move around behind your own lines as it was behind the enemy's.

"Hurry 'em along, Sergeant, it's getting late, and it's black as Hell out here," came a voice down the steps of the dugout.

"Yas suh, Lootenan', cumin'," sang out Bill from the depths below. His spirits were rising now. He sniffed a fight. His huge hob-nailed feet literally pawed the ground. Memphis Bill was rarin' to go.

"Now Co'pral, yo' an' yo' two sojers will git into dat trencht as soon as we gits pas' our wire. Mak' yo' alls way ahaid in singl' file tru de trencht 'till yo' all gits to de Boshes wire, an' den wait dar fo' me. Me an' Big Boy hyar frum Awk'nsaw'll crawl along each side o' de trencht, an' ef we sees any trubl' ahaid, we'll signal to yo' all down in de trencht fer to stop. Git me?" And with that he cast a triumphant glance in the direction of Private Jerry Walker. But as usual, the glance was lost for want of a receiver. Jerry wasn't even looking. He was barely listening. Certainly he wasn't thinking. He was just there, no more, no less. It wasn't his war—and he hated a fight.

"No shootin'," was the sergeant's final order, "ef we meets up wid any Boshes use yer fistes, and dem trencht knifes o' yourn. Shootin' never did nobody no good, nohow. Use yer fistes!" With that he led the way up out of the dugout into the inky blackness of the night.

* * *

"Feld," a muffled voice whispered in a strange tone not three feet from where Memphis Bill lay flat on his stomach out there in the ebony night.

"Maus," came back the other half of the pass word from out of the blackness. Bill's big heart was bumping against the ground as his eyes searched in vain for the enemy patrol that he knew was passing through them.

If he could only see. If he only knew where the rest of his patrol had gone to. Where was that big stiff from Arkansas hiding? Where was the trench? If he only knew what time it was. Gee he'd hate to go back and face the Captain and the Lieutenant—and the men. How they'd snicker and laugh behind his back. He, Memphis Bill, world-beater, lost—hopelessly, helplessly lost. His patrol lost. Maybe captured by now. Hell! What a big bum they'd call him. It must be nearly daybreak. How long had he been groping around out there in that black tomb? Which way was forward and which way was backward. These and a million similar thoughts were torturing the mind of that big hulk as it lay there helpless in the pitch dark.

Bill was beaten. Just once before in his life he had been beaten, and there was nothing to do but take it. He would have to stay where he was until morning. "Dam' sich nights," he swore under his breath.

Suddenly the sergeant became aware of a movement near him. He strained his eyes in vain. He strained every nerve to pierce the mystery of that veil of night. He lay perfectly still—motionless. He was tense. Bill was on guard, ready to spring at a split-second notice, just like a big black panther. Was it the enemy patrol returning? Was it one of his own men? Was he still in No-Man's Land, or was he actually within the enemy lines?

"Whar d'Hell am I?" he kept asking himself.

But nothing appeared out of the darkness for him to spring upon, and gradually the sergeant relaxed to await the coming of dawn. The rest of the night passed quietly.

Gradually, Sergeant Dade began to recognize objects about him. Carefully, quietly, he reconnoitered his position. Quickly he realized that he couldn't stay where he was much longer. He found himself perched on top of a grassy knoll that was plainly visible from the surrounding hills, some of which were less than two hundred yards away. But the factor that bothered the patrol leader most at that moment, was which way led to safety. Now that it was getting light and he could see, he was ready to go, but he had no place to go.

In that particular sector in the Vosges, battle-lines were not clearly defined. Both sides had entrenched themselves at strategic points throughout the heavily wooded hills, and were satisfied to adopt a policy of watchful waiting. It was known as a quiet sector. New troops were sent there by both sides to learn the art of war under the most favorable circumstances. Patrolling was the most active form of encounter. In some places the mythical lines were a half a mile apart, at other points they came as close as one hundred and fifty yards, depending solely on the nature of the terrain.

That's why Bill Dade was so completely lost. He couldn't tell one hill from another. "Why doan dey hang out a flag or sumptin' so a guy c'n tell whar he's at," thought Bill as the hopelessness of his situation dawned upon him with the morning light. He failed to recognize a single landmark that would give him the slightest clue to his whereabouts. But he had to get off that knoll.

In one direction the knoll sloped gently to a large open field that evidently had been used as pasture land before the war. For Bill to venture forth into that open field would have been disastrous if any of the surrounding hills were occupied by the Boche. Snipers, who were constantly on the lookout high up in the tree-tops, would spot him as soon as the morning haze lifted from the valley. You never could tell in those hills and woods when snipers were taking aim on you—and since it was a one-shot game, they rarely missed. In the opposite direction the knoll sloped much more abruptly, and was practically covered by a growth of young pine. This side of the hill had at one time or another been under shell fire, as a number of broken trees and ragged shell-holes testified. At the foot of the slope about a hundred feet distant was the dried bed of a brook, from which the steep sides of another thickly wooded hill arose. The sergeant saw that this dried stream bed at the foot of both slopes, offered him the best shelter for the present. Gathering his six foot four together, Bill set out on his hands and knees, moving cautiously and silently. When he reached the foot of the slope his eye fell upon a small section of the bank that had been undercut by the force of the water years ago. Exposed roots of overhanging trees in front of this section of the bank furnished ideal support for the honeysuckle and other vines that formed a perfect mesh across the opening of the undercut bank. Here was a perfectly screened cave. Sergeant Dade felt for the first time in many hours that luck had come his way. He would keep watch from this hiding place until dusk, hoping that by then something would happen to give him some idea of where he was in respect to the war.

Once more he resumed his crawling tactics. Finally he reached the vines hanging in front of the cave. Just as he was about to part them and peer in, he was struck by the sound of a familiar voice from within.

"Cum in befo' yo' brings de whole army wid yo'."

There sat Private Jerry Walker of Arkansas, atop a huge round stone.

"Fer cryin' in de sink!" was Bill's hushed exclamation.

"Whar's de Co'pral?" he excitedly continued.

"I dunno."

"Whar's dem sojers o' his'n?"

"I dunno."

"Whar's dat ar trencht we cum out in?"

"I dunno."

"Yo' doan know much, does yo'?" Bill added sarcastically.

"No, but I ain't los'."

At that moment the dull roar of a squadron of planes overhead brought both men sharply to the realization that this was neither the time nor the place for argument.

"What I wants t' know mos'," continued the sergeant, some minutes later, in an almost friendly manner, "is which one o' dem hills is de one we cum over las' night?"

"Dar it stan's," nodded Jerry decisively, in the direction of a sparsely covered hill about a couple of hundred yards across the valley.

"How yo' know?" eagerly spoke up the gent from Memphis, parting the vines and peering out enthusiastically.

"Cuz I staid up atop o' it all night, 'till I crawls down hyar dis mornin'."

"Well, fool, whatcher cum dis way fo'; why yo' didn't crawl back d'udder way whar we cums frum?"

"Cuz I seen one o' dem Boshes wand'rin' roun' out dar—look lak t' me he was los', too—an' cuz I wasn't after gittin' mix'd up wid 'im, I cums on dis way 'till it gits dark, den I'se gwine ba'k".

This was the longest speech that Jerry Walker had made since he joined the armed forces of his Uncle Samuel. It seemed to leave him exhausted for he lapsed into a grave-like silence. The sergeant, satisfied now that he would be able to make his way back to his outfit soon after dark, stretched himself out at full length on the ground, and gradually went off to sleep. The day wore on uneventfully. Bill slept off and on, while Jerry kept watch.

Finally, refreshed by several hours of sleep and a little water from his canteen, Memphis Bill aroused himself. He was in better spirits now. He cast his gaze in the direction of his roommate who was as motionless as the stone on which he sat. Bill felt grateful. He knew that he owed his chance of getting back safely to his outfit, to this same soldier for whom he had developed such a strong dislike.

"After all," thought Bill, "he ain't never done nuthin' t'me."

"When we gits ba'k to de States," said the sergeant in the friendliest voice, "I wants yo' to stop off wid me in Memfis an' meet sum o' mah gals."

"I doan lak Memfis," replied Jerry breaking his long silence.

"Watcher know 'bout Memfis?" queried Bill, his voice still friendly, and his eyes sparkling at the thought of the figure he'd cut when he returned to Beale Street in his First Sergeant's uniform and his swagger stick.

"Been dar once't, an' gits into a fite. Ain' never gwine dar no mo'!"

"Tell me 'bout it, Big Boy," pleaded Bill sympathetically.

And then Jerry, in a low voice, after some hesitation, told the story of his one trip to Memphis. And Bill sat there on the floor of their cave looking up at him in wide-eyed amazement.

Jerry told how he had gone to Memphis on an excursion boat, one Sunday about a year before the war. How he had wandered about the big city most of the day, sight-seeing, and finally wound up late in the afternon in a Beale Street cafe. The place had been crowded with hungry excursionists, who were trying to get something to eat before the boat started back on its trip down the river. Seated atop a high stool at the lunch counter, Jerry was suddenly startled by the shrill scream of a woman, followed by the sound of blows to the accompaniment of curses and shouts. Looking about him in dismay, he realized that a fight had started at a table in the corner and was rapidly progressing in his direction. As the crowd of non-combatants gave way before the approach of the fighters, Jerry from his perch on the stool, could see that three of the excursionists appeared to be battling with a huge man, who seemed to be getting the better of the scrap, in spite of the odds against him. Jerry's heart had been made sick by this desecration of the Sabbath—and he hated a fight anyhow. The huge man kept his opponents at bay as he slowly backed his way toward the door. Both fists were lashing out skull-crushing blows, and his opponents continued their attacks from a respectful distance. Finally the battlers had reached a place near where Jerry was perched at the counter. The huge fighter's back was almost touching Jerry. He made a terrific lunge at his nearest assailant and floored him with a hay-making right uppercut. But in so doing he lost his own footing on the greasy floor and slipped to his knees, almost under Jerry's stool. Then Jerry told how he had been seized with a sudden, mad frenzy to end this disgusting fight. Looking about him, he grabbed with both hands a huge earthen crock half full of waffle batter and brought it down with all his force upon the head of the massive fighter, who was just about to rise off one knee.

Momentarily dazed by this sudden attack from a new quarter, and partially blinded by the messy batter that engulfed him from the broken crock, the giant fighter was easily subdued by his remaining two opponents who were still on their feet. Once inside of that deadly right, they flung their combined weight against him and thrashed him within an inch of his life. When Jerry left the cafe several minutes later, they were loading this Colossus of Clout into a hospital ambulance.

" 'Twasn't dat I had anyt'ing agin' dat man," Jerry concluded, "I never seen him befo' nor sence, but I jest nateraly hates a fite, an' I wanted fer to stop dem frum fitin'."

Sergeant William Dade sat through this recital absolutely speechless. He seemed to be drinking in every word that fell from Jerry's lips. Toward the end, he sat rigid and fixed, like a bird in the charm of a snake. That clenched, crushing right fist itched nervously. He remembered that fight perfectly. He could taste that batter yet!

Suddenly there was a sound just outside their hiding place. Yes—another and another. They could hear the breaking of small twigs, but they couldn't see anything. Inside the cave was the stillness of death. Neither man dared move. Jerry sat on the edge of his stone. Bill was on his hands and knees, ready to spring—like a wild cat. He was afraid that the thumping of his heart would give them away. He tried to see through the labyrinth of vines, but there was nothing to see. He was just about to speak when a huge frame darkened the front of their cave. From his place on the ground Sergeant Dade could see the shoes and the leggings of the man standing not two feet away from him. He was a Boche.

One second's reflection was all that Memphis Bill needed. He would carry that Boche back alive to his outfit if he had to whip the whole German army one by one. It would absolve him from his sin of getting lost on patrol. It would restore his standing with the Lieutenant, with the Captain, and above all, with the men. It would make him a hero instead of a goat.

So without the slightest consideration for his companion, Bill made up his mind. He waited a moment until the soldier moved away from the cave entrance, and then he suddenly emerged from his hiding. As he straightened up he was confronted with the biggest man that he had ever seen in his life. The German was dumbfounded. He was also unarmed. And as his enemy made no effort to draw the automatic that dangled from his belt, the Teuton saw that he had a chance, and he cleared for action. Quick as a flash he sized up his opponent; he realized from Bill's bulk and the determined look in his eyes that this was no mean adversary. So he was prepared for the terrific right uppercut that just missed his chin by an eyelash. Like lightning itself, he whipped over a left hook that caught the astounded Bill flush on the jaw. The gent from Memphis shook the cob-webs from his brain as it slowly dawned upon him that he had met more than his match. So there they stood in that quiet, peaceful valley, in the gathering dusk, toe to toe, the Bavarian butcher and the stevedore from Memphis, trading punches, blow for blow. Bill realized that the Boche could take it and the Boche could give it, too. The Ger-

(*Will you please turn to page* 213)

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

AMERICA

¶ Elizabeth Prophet, the sculptor, who received the award of $250 at the Harmon Exhibit given by Otto Kahn for the most outstanding piece of work, has just sold a bust for $1000. This is the bust called "Discontent", done in pearwood. It was exhibited at the 56th Gallery in New York, and was purchased by Eleanor B. Green, and Ellen B. Sharpe of Providence. They have presented it to the Gift Committee of the Museum of the Rhode Island School of Design. The committee in accepting the bust as a part of the permanent collection writes:

"It is a pleasure indeed to have this fine piece of sculpture in the collections, and it will mean very much to have one of our able graduates represented by this head."

This Museum is just occupying a new building and has in all lines of art work one of the finest collections in America. L. Earl Rowe is the Director.

¶ Morehouse College has been debating with Knoxville College, and Johnson C. Smith University on the "American Jury System in Criminal Cases". Previously, she has debated with Howard University and the State College at Orangeburg, South Carolina.

¶ Howard and Wilberforce have debated at Washington the question of "Complete World Disarmament by the Nations."

¶ The Small Bore Rifle Team of the 24th Infantry won the championship of the U. S. Army for 1930 with a score of 3376.

¶ Representative Free of California is seeking to amend the Immigration Bill now before Congress by prohibiting the immigration of Filipinos.

¶ Dr. E. G. Conklin, Professor of Biology at Princeton University has recently addressed the Canadian Club of Toronto. He said that racial mixture was going on all over the world and that the race problem in the United States was going to be settled by the Negro's disappearing as a distinct race through intermarriage.

¶ Between 1922 and 1929 the number of college students in the following Southern colleges has increased as follows:

	1922	1929
Fisk	287	531
Virginia Union	123	451
Wiley	177	445
New Orleans	29	422
Morehouse	134	372
Samuel Huston	61	367
Bishop	88	337
Shaw	97	314
Clark	51	260
Talladega	122	254
Atlanta	91	221
Knoxville	64	204

¶ The report of the John F. Slater Fund for the year ending Sept. 30, 1929 shows a total expenditure of $194,662. The Slater Fund was established to aid Negro Education in 1882. It has neyer had a Negro member of its Board of Trustees.

Discontent
Bust by Elizabeth Prophet

¶ Dr. George E. Haynes, Secretary of Commission on Racial relations in the Federal Council of Churches has sailed for South Africa to act as consultant in the international survey of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. in foreign lands. He is especially to survey the work among natives carried on by Max Yergan. He will also visit Portuguese and Belgian Africa.

¶ A National High School Competition featuring the "Status of the Negro in American History" has been carried on by the Atlanta Commission of Inter-racial Co-operation in 160 schools in 35 cities. High Schools at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and Kirksville, Missouri were given $100 each for their work. A special individual award of $100 was given to Miss Ruth L. Munson, a white girl, of the Sweetland, Pa., High School.

¶ Before a brilliant audience in the Pan-American Union building a concert of American music was recently given. The Vice President of the United States was present, and Ambassadors and Ministers from thirty-two countries. The concert featured seven new compositions, among them "Night in Andes" by Justin Elie of Haiti.

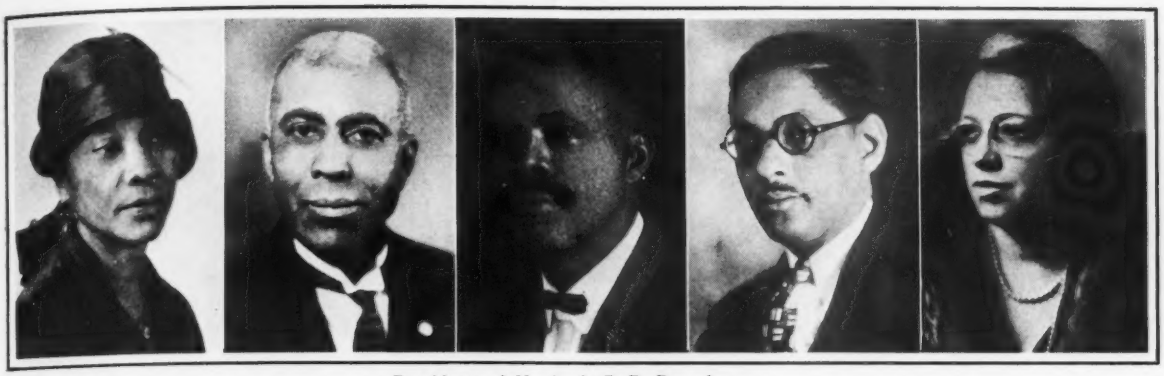
¶ Bishop W. J. Walls of the A. M. E. Zion Church will speak at the Council of Religious Education this month in Toronto, Canada. Bishop J. A. Gregg of the A.M.E. Zion Church will speak at the 8th World Christian Endeavor Convention which meets in Berlin, Germany next August.

¶ H. H. Phillips, who led the Ku Klux Klan in Canada against Ira Johnson and his white wife, was fined $50 and costs. He appealed the case and as a result the fine was sustained and in addition a sentence of three months in jail was given.

¶ Twenty-six Graduate Fellowships in Social Sciences have been awarded by the Atlanta Inter-racial Commission recently. Five of these are supported by the Julius Rosenwald Fund and are for Negro students. These appointees are: E. Fichtet, Howard; John Hope 2nd, Morehouse; A. L. Johnson, Fisk; Henry C. McQuin, Virginia Union; and Phyllis A. Stancil, Shaw.

¶ The land grant colleges of the United States are established in accordance with the Land Grant Act of 1862, which gave land or land script equal to 30,000 acres to each Senator and Representative in Congress. Further funds were appropriated in 1890 and 1907, which provided for Federal supervision of the expenditures of the appropriations. Under these laws, there are seventeen Negro land grant colleges in 17 Southern states, including the Border States of Delaware, Maryland, Missouri and West Virginia.

The median salaries in these colored colleges are $3,600 a year for the president, with $300 for expenses; $2,000 for the deans; $1,620 for the professors; $1,412 for the associate professors; $1,250 for the assistant professors; $1,200 for the instructors. There were expended for these colleges in 1927-28, $3,347,990. Of these



Presidents of N. A. A. C. P. Branches

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funds, 56.1% came from the state, 8.9% from the United States Government, 3.3% from private gifts, and the rest from the students and earnings. There were completed during the year, ending June 30, 1928, buildings to the value of $937,102. There were enrolled 3,691 college students, 4,124 high school students, and 2,008 in the grammar grades. The total number of resident students including summer schools, amounted to 15,471 students. From these colleges, there were graduated in 1928, 303 college students with degrees. The colleges own 5,638 acres of land, 74,318 bound volumes in their libraries, and their total property is valued at $11,916,-932.

EAST

¶ The Elizabeth, New Jersey, branch of the N. A. A. C. P. held a contest of High School students and gave prizes for essays on the N. A. A. C. P. The first prize was won by Aramenta Jones, and the second by Mildred Wright.

¶ A Bill passed by the New Jersey Assembly directs the Adjutant-General of the State to organize and equip a colored battalion. The Bill was introduced by a colored assemblyman, Frank S. Hargraves.

¶ Alfred T. Clarke, Jr. of Malden, Mass., is employed in the East Lynn shops of the General Electric Co. Five of his suggestions for improvements have been adopted by his Company, and he has received a total of $275 in awards. He is still working on further methods of saving and of improving the service of the Company.

¶ James L. Allen has exhibited a collection of sixteen photographs taken by himself at the Hobby Horse, 136th St., New York City. He has already exhibited his striking photographs in various places, and received much merited recognition.

¶ Lectures in Negro education and race relations are given annually at the Teachers' College, Columbia University. During the past year there have been ten lectures. Among the lecturers were James H. Dillard of the Slater Fund, N. C. Newbold of Department of Education of North Carolina, John Hope of Atlanta University, W. E. B. Du Bois of THE CRISIS and President Mordecai Johnson of Howard.

¶ For a second time the Dixwell Players, the Negro Little Theater of New Haven, Connecticut, have been awarded the Edith Fisher Schwab Cup in the New Haven drama tournament. The tournament was held at the Yale University Theater. The judges were the well-known George Pierce Baker, Dean Meeks of the Yale School of Fine Arts, and three citizens. The Dixwell Players gave O'Neill's "The Dreamy Kid". Having won the cup twice, a third triumph will give the Players permanent possession. Among the players were J. McLinn Ross, Louise Jackson, Romayne Spriggs and Louise Truyman.

The New Haven *Register* says of the actors: "Each one of them projected a clearly definable character and limned expertly and surely."

¶ Leslie Pinkney Hill, Principal of the Cheyney Training School for Teachers has addressed the International Schoolmen, meeting at the University of Pennsylvania. He said among other things,—"America faces a vast opportunity to set up for the world a compelling example of right inter-racial and international relationships. If America should, by any sinister fate, fail to give reality and power to the ideals of a Christian democracy, mankind will be committed to the horror of interminable conflict. Peace will be impossible, and civilization itself threatened with collapse. Everything depends upon the degree of success with which we teach our children now that all nations are worthy, and all men equal."

FAR SOUTH

¶ Founder's Day address at Tuskegee Institute was delivered by Dr. John J. Tigert, President of the University of Florida, and formerly U. S. Commissioner of Education. He praised the South for starting on a program of industrial development.

¶ The Distinguished Marksman badge has been given by the Secretary of War, to Sergeant Scott Bradford of the Headquarters Co., 24th Infantry, at Fort Benning, Ga. Bradford already holds gold and bronze medals, and an Army Team badge. He is the only colored soldier who became a member of the U. S. Infantry Team of 1929 which won the National match against 107 other teams.

¶ The latest leaflet of the Ku Klux Klan, published by the American Printing and Publishing Co. of Atlanta, declares that the Klan stands for "white supremacy, preventing social equality and political influence by an inferior race". It boasts among its special accomplishments: "Forcing Republicanism in the South to begin to eliminate the Blacks". It announces a program of opposing disarmament, repealing the 15th Amendment, and enacting segregation and anti-miscegenation laws.

¶ Weyman and Harvey Bradberry, white youths, deliberately murdered and robbed Doc Elder, a Negro, and his wife. They have been sentenced to death, but their appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court of Georgia. No white man has ever been hanged in Georgia for killing a Negro.

SOUTH EAST

¶ The 62nd Anniversary of the founding of Hampton Institute has been celebrated. Mr. George Foster Peabody, and Dr. Francis Peabody have resigned from the Board after forty years of service. Clarence Kelsey succeeded Chief Justice Taft as Chairman of the Board, but has since died.

Presidents of the N. A. A. C. P. Branches

John L. Love	*J. C. McKelvie*	*E. M. Lancaster*	*J. Howard Butler*	*A. B. Thompson*
Kansas City, Mo.	*Long Branch, N. J.*	*Akron*	*San Francisco*	*Arizona*

¶ A new dining-hall which cost $50,000 has been dedicated at St. Augustine College, Raleigh, N. C. It is named after Bishop Cheshire and was dedicated on his eightieth birthday.

¶ The Third annual Fact-Finding Conference was held at Durham, North Carolina. Among the speakers were George S. Schuyler, C. C. Spaulding, Dr. Will W. Alexander, the Assistant U. S. Secretary of Labor, Dr. Channing Tobias, and President R. P. Simms of Bluefield Institute.

MIDDLE WEST

¶ At Ann Arbor, Michigan, April 22 and 23, the sixty-sixth annual communication of the Prince Hall Masons was held. The Hon. George W. Sample, Circuit Judge of Washtenaw County made the principal address. Oscar W. Baker of Bay City reported the incorporation of the Grand Lodge under laws of Michigan. Judge Sample writes that it was a gathering of a "fine class of citizens".

¶ Dr. Spencer Dickerson, recently appointed Colonel of the Eighth Illinois Regiment of the National Guard, was born in Texas in 1870. He was educated at Tillotson and the University of Chicago. He is a specialist of diseases of the eye, ear, nose, and throat. He served during the World War as Captain of the 370th Infantry, was Major of this regiment after it was mustered out and again became the 8th Infantry, and finally was made Colonel in 1929. He has served on the executive board of the Chicago branch of the N. A. A. C. P.

¶ James B. Browning has received the degree of Master or Arts from the University of Michigan. He has also been given a Rosenwald scholarship to study European history at the University of Chicago.

¶ More than 1000 business men representing the Chicago Association of Commerce recently had a meeting in the grand ballroom of La Salle Hotel. Thirty police heroes who had been given $100 each by the *Chicago Tribune* were present. Two of them were introduced as examples of police heroism. When Jerry Bowen arose and it was seen he was colored there was loud applause.

¶ Joseph S. Himes, Jr., of Cleveland, a junior in Oberlin College, has just been elected to Phi Beta Kappa. This honor is particularly notable for two reasons. First, very few students are elected to Phi Beta Kappa before the end of their senior year. Second, Mr. Himes is blind, and can carry on his studies only with the aid of a reader. In spite of this handicap, Mr. Himes has done work of the highest order throughout his course, and is successfully reading for honors in sociology.

¶ In the Chicago Election, Congressman Oscar DePriest was renominated by the Republicans, Senator A. H. Roberts was renominated for the State Senate, while Judge Albert B. George lost his nomination for Judge and C. M. Langston was defeated as County Commissioner.

¶ Mrs. L. W. Dethridge, a soprano, has been singing in the Middle West with much success. She sailed lately for Europe to continue her vocal studies in Rome.

BORDER STATES

¶ Howard University celebrated the 2000th anniversary of the birth of Virgil with an address by Professor George M. Lightfoot, who has been Professor of Latin for thirty-two years.

¶ George Spaulding of Morgan College, Baltimore, Md., finished second in the Decathalon championship at the recent relay carnival at the University of Pennsylvania.

¶ The Second Annual Festival of Music and Fine Arts has been held at Fisk University. The cornerstone of the new library was laid.

¶ George Eastman of the Eastman Kodak Co. has agreed to build the new wing of the Meharry dental college at Nashville, Tennessee.

¶ There have been collegiate debates between Fisk University and Howard on the question of "College Education for the Average High School Graduates". Fisk also debated with Northwestern University on "Prohibition"; with Lincoln, on "The Jury System", and with Virginia Union and Bluefield Institute on "The Recognition of Soviet Russia".

SOUTH WEST

¶ The University of Cincinnati has granted a scholarship to Miss Vera N. Clement, a member of the class of 1930 of Prairie View State College. She will study for her Master's Degree.

¶ At Hermann Park, Houston, Texas, an Easter sunrise service was held. After the doxology and invocation, it was discovered that six Negroes were present. They were promptly ousted. One colored woman tried to remonstrate saying, "Jesus Christ died for everybody." "Don't fool with me" the caretaker warned, "or I'll have the police run you in".

¶ The colored Little Theatre Group of San Antonio with about 100 members produced "The Savage" April 4th in the colored Library auditorium. The Mayor of the city and three of the city Commissioners were present. The play was directed by J. W. Hennings, formerly of the Lafayette Players in New York City.

¶ E. D. Hill of Bernice, La. is dead. He was a leader in local fraternities and in school and church work. He is survived by a widow and four children.

¶ The Independent National Funeral Directors Association meets this month in New Orleans. They are travelling by special train from Cincinnati and are visiting Tuskegee and Atlanta. There are in the United States, 3000 Negro undertakers, 9

casket factories, 3 embalming fluid plants, and 3 other plants for various supplies all conducted by Negroes. There is one trade journal.

¶ In San Antonio, Texas, Mrs. Ida Hutchinson was arrested and put in jail because she would not sit on the left-hand of the back seat of a City bus. The bus owner contended that Negroes must not only sit on the rear seat, but on the extreme left. Judge Watson decided that if the Public Service did not want the Negroes to occupy the entire rear seat they should put a barrier in the middle. Mrs. Hutchinson was discharged in spite of the fact that she was accused of claiming membership in the N. A. A. C. P. "an organization attempting to break down 'Jim Crow' laws in the South!"

WEST INDIES

¶ The present government of Haiti allows laborers on public works $1 a day. Thomas T. Tucker of Union Baptist Church, Newark, declares "As a matter of fact the laborers get 40 and 50 cents a day and the white Americans get the rake-off".

¶ A clergyman working in the Island of Haiti writes to a friend of ours under date of March 22d, "Of course, you have read about all our political troubles out here. The terrible things in La Croix-Marche-à-terre where the marines killed some thirty country people without any reason. I saw the awful deed with my two eyes. May God forgive them for their sins!"

¶ Conditions of unemployment are stated to be very bad in the West Indies, and particularly in British Guiana. Recently a huge demonstration of the unemployed was made in the presence of the Governor.

¶ The Monthly Bulletin published by the Financial Advisor of Haiti showed total revenue receipts of $696,600 for the month of February which is a decrease of about 1% as compared with 1929, and 28% as compared with 1928. The gross public debt is stated to be $16,776,000. Foreign commerce shows a decline of 21% in the last year. Seventy-one per cent of Haiti's imports are from the United States, while France buys over half of her products.

¶ Governor Waldo Evans of the Virgin Isles is taking a trip through British West Indies. With him is the colored band organized by Alton A. Adams. Mr. Adams with the band once visited the United States.

¶ One of the funny occurrences in the Haitian embroglio was the recent attempt of Commissioner Russell to have distinguished Haitians attend a reception which he gave March first. Some of the answers are interesting: Seymour Pradel answers "The distressing condition of my country prevents me from entering your doors". Placide David writes "Under the present sorrowful circumstances you will easily understand why I decline the honor, which you have done me". Schiller Nicolas says: "It is certainly an error that I am the object of your thought". Francois Mathon says, "I am a part of that national community which 'has the mentality of a child of seven years' and my country has undergone for fifteen years the iniquitous oppression of which you and yours are the responsible agents. As a Haitian my place is not at your house and your invitation to come there mystifies me. I refuse it". Louis Raymond says "In response to your strange invitation I would have you know that M. Louis Raymond does not hold intercourse with the enemies of his country". Jacques Roumain writes "The Negro Jacques Roumain does not deign to visit white folks". Maurice Chalmers says "The High Commissioner has surely made a mistake. As the grandson of slaves I refuse to be present at a new edition of the Rochambeau Ball". Lucien Lafontant writes "I believe that your invitation to Madam Lafontant and myself must have been a mistake, but there is no mistake in my refusal to accept it". Antonio Vieux writes "No one worthy of the name of a Haitian would consent to be the guest of the High Commissioner after the drama of Charlemagne Péralte; Benôit Batraville; 3,500 dead Cacos and the massacre of Marche-à-terre."

Colonel Spencer Dickerson
(*Page* 204)

WEST AFRICA

¶ Mary Slessor was a pioneer missionary at Calabar, West Africa. She was born in Scotland in 1848 and was a mill worker. Inspired by the death of Dr. Livingstone she went to Africa in 1876 and began a long fight against superstition and witchcraft. Her house became a refuge for twins which by native custom were killed, and she built a mission home and a school. She settled disputes, fought drinking, and in 1905 was officially appointed Vice President of the Native Court at Ikotobung. She died in 1915 and is still a legend over 200,000 square miles where she was known as "Ma".

¶ Brigadier-General Sir Frederick Gordon Guggisberg, Governor of British Guiana is dead in Canada. He was trained as a soldier and served in Africa and the East. He became Governor of the Gold Coast in 1919, and served until 1927. He was friendly to the Negroes and especially helped in education.

¶ Clifford Wharton, former Secretary of the American Legion at Monrovia, and afterward assistant to the consul at Calais, France, has been appointed U. S. Minister to Liberia. The Senate has refused to increase his salary from $5,000 to $10,000 as recommended by the President. Nevertheless, the President may make special allowance for expenses.

¶ It has been estimated that the known mineral production of the French Colonies amounts to $44,000,000 a year. The minerals consist of phosphate, iron ore, coal, lead, zinc, copper, graphite, oil and gold.

¶ Detailed reports of the National Congress of British West Africa at Lagos, Nigeria give a synopsis of the speech of the President, Mr. Casely Hayford. He stated that the eyes of British West Africa are beginning to open to her disabilities. Since the First Congress in 1920, limited franchise has been granted to Nigeria, Sierra Leone, and the Gold Coast. The privilege has not yet been granted to Gambia. The founding of Achimota College is due to a resolution passed by Congress, as is also the establishment of a West African Appeal Court with criminal jurisdiction. This, however, is not enough. Limited franchise must be extended and the majority of the councils must be elected. The Congress is also interested in African Nationhood. The economic question of proper return for African labor is of great importance and there must be an educational awakening.

EAST AFRICA

¶ It is expected that Ras Tafari will soon assume the title of King of the Kings of Ethiopia and Emperor of Abyssinia.

¶ One of the greatest steps being taken by Abyssinia is the dam which is

The Dixwell Players in "The Dreamy Kid", page 203.

to be built at Lake Tsana. This lake is the headwaters of the Blue Nile and this controls much of the flow of water through the Sudan. By arrangement with Great Britain, Abyssinia has given the contract to an American firm, the White Engineering Corporation of New York City.

¶ At Gordon Memorial College, Khartoum, Sudan, there are at present 520 students enrolled. The main support comes from the Sudan Government which contributes $300,000 a year.

¶ Count Louis Konigsegg, explorer, and big game hunter is dead at Budapest. He lived in Abyssinia for seven years and married the sister of the Emperor Menelik. After her death he returned to Hungary. He lost his fortune in the War and then wrote several novels.

SOUTH AFRICA

¶ When Dr. C. T. Loram was in America in 1929 he induced the Rockefeller Institute to offer $325,000 to the Government of the Union of South Africa to provide medical training for the natives. The Government has not yet accepted the offer.

¶ Dr. T. T. Barnard, Professor of Anthology at the University of Capetown has said lately with regard to "segregation" and "developing the native on his own lines" that "in the end, whatever means we take to avoid it, the African people will take over the civilization of the West. . . . You and I and every European in Africa, consciously, or unconsciously are taking part in a prodigious social experiment: the displacing of African tribal life by the civilization which we still call Western and European which is rapidly becoming, for all its imperfection, the civilization of the world." He called Jan Smuts' Oxford address "downright nonsense".

¶ The Native Affairs Act of 1920 of the Union of South Africa established a Native Affairs Commission. This Commission was to obtain views of natives before laws effecting them were passed. It must consist of not more than five members, and by custom these have always been white men. During the last few years the Government has not summoned this Commission and the Commission has made no report to Parliament.

¶ The Fourth Annual Conference of the South African Native Farmers Conference was held last December near Butterworth. C. Sakwe was elected President for the next two years, and D. D. T. Jabavu, Secretary.

¶ The Prime Minister of South Africa and General Smuts have agreed to send the Native Bills to a select Committee before reporting them for a second reading.

The Chapel at Fisk University
Nashville, Tenn.

THE POET'S CORNER

Harlem Ending

By ROBERT SCHLICK

THE sun these afternoons in Harlem goes
In tropical sad splendor suddenly
Down the wan wintry west; here violet roofs,
Tan tinted, foretell evening, that Manhattan
Silently waits the stillness of the moon,
And vastest peace after material zeal.
The village, old New Harlem, it had too
The same sun swung the same way west, and moons
To pour milk loving kindness down, and roofs
Since antiquated, which the Dutchman built
Beside the quiet of his rural farms.
Daily communication with the city
Magically sprung at the far island's end,
Where East and Hudson sift their waters with
The soft orange ocean, brought that city up,
Transforming Harlem, so the town became
A metropolis, a populous section.

WAR with its brazen trumpets brought world changes.
Lured by the war time wages, thousands came
From various colored races south or west—
With all their dreams and beauties interspersed,
Dropped upon Harlem like dark legions of
Angels with silver ladders in their hands
With which they might ascend at any instant
To the still region of their native soul,
Resound in mighty chorus "Hallelujahs"—
Safe with black God wherever the glad body was.
And thus the evening brings its music of
Pale moonlight on the restless avenues.
Here walk the people, dark and dim they pass.
The night is on their shoulders, and their faces show
Subtle illuminations, festive things
The very opposite of secretness,
Of luminous joy. The younger generation
Flies on its way to talk excitedly
Of intellectualities and art,
That art is art sans race, that mind obeys
Infinite laws lodged in all dreaming brains—
If Afric, magic in the Cameroons,
West Indian, then erected tall and soft,
Or supple as the Caribbean seas:
Or, under Dixie skies bred, born full
Of melancholy making poetry, then,
In Harlem where the artist gathers home.

QUEER throbbing Cuban music, dancing rumbas
To stir the sluggish pulse with ecstacies;
Or South Sea Island girls to elevate
Sheer beauty into sheer beatitude,
Their long black braided hair and cheeks flush-rose
And olive like the surfs on southern shores;
Or widest striking strides of gaity,
From Mississippi spreading east and west,
The individual lyric of the blues;
And the cultural ease of the ancient spirituals
Lulling the world with folk-lore weld with God,
Out of completed empire from the South:
These some, not all, the contributions from
The plastic, living, and alivest mind
Of the unemptiable natures African
Seen, sensed, and known in Harlem. Here, ideals,
Preponderantly American, take hold,
Extending to the borders of the world,
Those precious gifts of great belief and joy,
They symbolize. Such cosmopolitan hymn
Was meant to be the mission of mankind,
That all around appears in Harlem here
Unfettered and unhampered, and becomes
The liberal justice of the body-soul
Shrouded in colors of close beauteousness.

THE dedicated essences crop out Harmonious; the dim idealisms
Flood through the doubtful population with
The glorious semblance of pale hope; the brain
Reeling with laughter, faces the cold world
With new assurances next periods shall
Release the privilege of equality,
Of universal brotherhood again.
From afternoon to evening, the sun goes
Down lovely Harlem leaving moons and dreams,
A trail of chariot memories, and day ends.

THE world is everywhere alike.
As mankind congregates, all soul is close,
Potential, if not actual, in the air
Drifting across earth's faces and deep eyes
A perfume to the sensitive breather's nostrils,
A fire in Voodoo: but a difference is—
Some races more aesthetic are most elect
To speak of spirit and man's deepest feeling:
The Negro has, nor can do anything
That lacks, glad mass. Those problems sown
With every human grouping, challenge here
Also in Harlem; with lewd poverty
The cause of effort to eradicate it:
And yet a bouyant joy springs clearly through
The slowly measured movement in the streets,—
Like nowhere on Manhattan, joy does here;
With race ideals being nurtured heatedly
So purely as to be a part of mind,
Not theory like the habit of some men,
But beauty as the very flesh of truth.

White Flowers

By CLARISSA BUCKLIN

IT seems that all the flowers I remember this spring have been white.
Why have I noticed the white flowers more than the rest?
Surely there have been others besides these cold, sweet, white flowers.
There must have been tulip and violet, lilac and rose;
I do not remember.
There was a white hyacinth fluttering a veil of perfume and beauty
At the window of a sick-room in bleak February;
A narcissus made March lovely for a day;
Then cherry trees in bloom, purer than snowflakes;
Spirea, called bridal wreath, carved for the springtime's own wedding;
White iris, blue veined, like mist around a pool;
Now snowballs and fragrant syringa
Flowering for graves on Memorial Day;
And catalpa in trees, and lovely white clover.
It is queer that I should remember only the white flowers.
Were there so many?

God is Kind

By MAE V. COWDERY

GOD
Is kind,
He lets us dream
Of untarnished silver . . .
Of skies that have never known
The pain of a storm . . .
Of the peace and contentment
In a robin's even song.

We dream of love
Without its aftermath
Of loneliness . . .

God
Is kind,
He lets us dream
Of unattainable things!

YOUTHPORT

For Juniors of the N. A. A. C. P.

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME, *Critic*

Editor: Agnes J. Laws
Editors: Elizabeth Carter
Assistant Alda Taylor
Art Editor: Eleanor Paul

DIALOG AND DRAWINGS
By NATHANIEL BAILEY

His Question

YOU are small and shy, and round,
And you are lovely to see:
How would your dusky brown skin turn,
If I should say to you—
There is nothing more for me than you,
And your smile so filled with sun;
Beaming shyly down on me
Like dreams unfolding one by one?

Her Reply

IF there's nothing more for thee
'Cept smiles and idle gaze of me;
And thou a foot mat like a slave
Content to be a simple knave:
To thee who never sought to fight,
For me, or love, or law, or right;
Thou'l't never make for me a man
But live and die as thou began.
Good timber does not grow in ease;
The stronger wind, the tougher trees;
By sun and cold, by rain and snows,
In tree or man good guerdon grows.
Where thickest stands the forest growth
We find the patriarchs of both,
And they hold converse with the stars;
Their broken branches show the scars
Of many winds and much of strife—
This, Sir, is common law of life.

THE LIFE OF JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON was born in Jacksonville, Florida, June 17, 1871, where with his brother J. Rosamond, he spent his childhood days.

He spent seven years completing his high school and college careers. While he was teaching school, he studied law and passed his examination, though his race and color made it difficult for him to secure admittance to the bar.

After seven years he left the teaching in which he had been engaged and came with his brother to New York, where he spent many years in studying music and writing. Finally he accepted the position of Consul at Puerto Cabello, Venezuela. Later, he was moved to Corinto, Nicaragua. The life led in Corinto was entirely different from his life in New York.

The next position which he accepted was Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

After he completed the investigation of the Negro in Haiti, his attention was turned toward the "Jim-Crowing" and lynching of the Negro in the United States. He began this work in 1915. He spent two years endeavoring to secure passage of the "Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill". There was a tendency to delay the bill. He encountered many difficulties. By investigating and learning facts on this lynching problem he was able to write many illuminating pages on it. The members of the House and people of the country began to look into the affair. The Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill did not become a law, but the whole nation became interested and murders gradually decreased.

Johnson is a very quiet man of middle age. He has a slender figure and long delicate fingers. His strange expressive gray-green eyes are his most outstanding feature. His charm and friendliness are noticed by all who meet him.

Music has always played an important part in Johnson's career. The first song written by James and Rosamond was "Lift Every Voice and Sing". This song is now the National Negro Hymn. Another popular song written by them was "The Congo Love Song".

He has written many books. Some of his best are "The Book of Negro Spirituals", "God's Trombones", and "The Autobiography of An Ex-Colored Man".

James Weldon Johnson is a man to be given great praise. He has worked to secure the Negro his civil rights in every part of the United States. His name is among the great Negroes who have struggled for and achieved success.

LILLIAN REID,
Dayton, O.

WHAT a captivating idea this "Youthport" is! What a chance for young contributors and readers to grow in pride of race! I have dozens of talented boys and girls, many of whom I am encouraging to write for the page.

If you have suggestions about what kind of articles are most needed, we will follow them. If not, we shall watch "Youthport" to learn its needs.

Having seen no notice that membership in the Junior N. A. A. C. P. is necessary for eligibility to write for "Youthport", I have gone on the supposition that it is not, though contributing will undoubtedly awaken an interest in the organization that will lead to membership.

It is a pleasure to have an excuse to write to you, even though the labor of receiving manuscripts may be delegated to a secretary so that you may never see this. Yet, if you have time to read it, I should like you to know that THE CRISIS gives me glorious visions of what my hand findeth to do.

Postscript
by W. E. B. DuBois

THAT ARCHITECTURAL LIE

WE have at last heard from Mr. Whitney Warren, Director of the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design.* He writes this as follows:

"Undoubtedly from the evidence in your letter of March 31st, with which I was not familiar, the reference to the French Government in the announcement of the Fontainebleau School is in error. As to its origin, I am ignorant, but was conscious of its presence and am therefore responsible.

"This reference in view of what your letter contains, will be suppressed in future."

"Whitney Warren."

This would close the matter if it were not for our inconvenient memory. We have a recollection, that is far from dim, that in 1923 a black American girl with high recommendations secured a scholarship at this same Fontainebleau School. The school was sponsored by the National Academy of Design, the Architectural League, the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design, the Mural Painters, the National Sculptors, and the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects. On the Advisory Committee of this school were Ernest C. Peixotto, Edwin H. Blashfield, Howard Greenley, Thomas Hastings, J. Monroe Hewlett, Herman A. McNeil, James Gamble Rogers *and Whitney Warren.*

When these organizations learned that Augusta Savage was black they withdrew the scholarship. At that time THE CRISIS wrote to all the men mentioned above. Peixotto wrote indirectly but frankly that the Advisory Committee did not think it would be "wise to have a colored student." Thomas Hastings declared he had no sympathy "with barring Miss Savage;" Edward Blashfield was "not present" at the meeting; James Gamble Rogers said that they had to discriminate because they needed "sponsors" for the enterprise, etc. The one man who refused to answer or to explain his position in any respect was Whitney Warren.

We have a suspicion, and we are following the matter up, that the American sponsors for the Fontainebleau School, being willing to draw the color line and not having the moral courage to assume responsibility themselves for it, tried to shoulder it on the French Government. The French Government has politely declined to accept any such responsibility. What we are trying to find out now is who is responsible for drawing the color line in this American school of France?

*See THE CRISIS for May, 1930, page 174.

NEVAL THOMAS

NEVAL THOMAS, late President of the District of Columbia Branch of the N. A. A. C. P., was a man of courage, enthusiasm and faith. He never hesitated to protest against color discrimination. He never doubted but what protest and publicity would bring the righting of wrong. He could be depended upon to fight discrimination in public schools, segregation in Government departments, and apathy among the rank and file of his own people. It was but natural that his judgment did not always equal his courage, and that he was impatient with those who walked less surely and swiftly toward the goals that he envisaged. Particularly, in his latter days, when failing health harassed him, he often spoke harsh words of criticism against those who in their own way were working for the same ends as he. This was but human. We shall remember, now that Neval Thomas is gone, only the blazing fervor of his indictments, and the fact that he was one of the few Negroes in the United States willing at all times to jeopardize his own bread and butter for a high principle.

ATHLETICS IN NEGRO COLLEGES

"QUITE a hubbub was raised last season by Mordecai Johnson's attempt to purge the lists at Howard of those students who were not maintaining scholastic efficiency. The rabid sport lovers the country over were attacking Johnson as an enemy of athletics. I believe, however, that there were enough people back of his program to render it effective. But to turn to the Southeast. Two months ago THE CRISIS carried some notes on the football season as observed by a competent referee. In the course of these observations there appeared the fact (there is no doubting it) that Tuskegee had not lost a game! I ask, why should she? Has she not kept the same team practically intact for six or seven years? The name Stevenson has appeared in Tuskegee's lineup for no less than six years. Unless there is a radical change of policy, it will appear next year.

"But here is the joker. Fisk, Knoxville, Atlanta, Talladega and Morehouse pulled out of the old association in the Southeast, which included Tuskegee, to form an association of colleges pledged to observe the ordinary rules limiting competition to three or four years, maintaining a one-year eligibility rule and so on. When Atlanta merged with Morehouse, Fisk engaged the former coach at Atlanta and he came with half his team and established for Fisk, according to the same issue of THE CRISIS, 'the fastest team in colored football'. Well, I ask, why should it not be the fastest? One of the all-star players was a sensation with St. Paul School in the C. I. A. A. for a period of five years, ending with his graduation in 1927; after which he competed one year for Atlanta before going to Fisk. Another player, picked as all-star quarterback, was at Virginia Seminary for four years and at Atlanta two years before becoming the pivot of the Fisk team. Another "special" student (doing graduate work) at Fisk took his degree from Morehouse in 1924, competed for Tennessee A. & I. State College in 1928-'29, and at length played on the Fisk teams. The list is longer and could be carried out in other colleges, but I restrict myself to the larger schools.

"The Colored Intercollegiate Athletic Association (C. I. A. A.) comprising those colleges and schools that stretch along the Eastern coast from Washington to North Carolina, including also Lincoln and Bluefield Institute, has and enforces a rule that restricts competition to four years. They likewise make a player ineligible

who transfers from one association team to another, for a period of one year. This does not apply to athletes who have played outside the association. Such men are always welcome. Last season Lincoln played in its regular lineup a man who was for four years a star performer at a Catholic college in Northern Ohio.

"Now that Negro colleges are being admitted to the associations of standard colleges, and even now are debating with these colleges and universities, it is even possible that some Negro college will play games with the members of the 'Big Ten' or some other Carnegie-investigated groups. I wonder if we will have the nerve to say that 'Chicago exhibited great racial prejudice in refusing to play unless Fisk benched Brown, her mainstay in the backfield for the last ten years?'"

(The Editor cannot vouch for the truth of all the above allegations, but they call for answer or denial. The columns of THE CRISIS are open.)

ANOTHER SYMPOSIUM

SOME of our friends in St. Louis have been sending letters all over the United States with the following content:

"A few weeks ago THE CRISIS published a symposium on 'Inter-Marriage'. It was instructive.

"Our economic condition is such at present as to threaten our foundation. We need jobs to live and training to hold jobs.

"We most earnestly request the directors of THE CRISIS to publish a symposium on 'How to Get Jobs and Keep Them'. It is thought that much good may come from an inter-change of ideas on such a topic at this time."

We know this perfectly well; but we published the inter-marriage symposium because the white people of the United States are interested in nothing else. Inter-marriage is what they mean by the race problem, and any attempt on our part to evade the discussion of it, is taken as indication and proof of our desire to settle the Negro problem by race suicide. Therefore, we have done our duty by our white friends.

All the more willingly now we turn to a question which we have continually discussed—the economic emancipation of the American Negro; and we will put it in the frank form suggested:

We want letters on the subject: "How I got a job and kept it," or "How I got a job and why I lost it." The letters must be, 1st: short; 2nd: they must tell actual experiences, without comment or moralizing; that is, we want the writer to tell how he got a job, instead of advising other people how to get jobs; 3rd: the writer must send his name and address, but this will not be published unless he so desires; 4th: we want the details to be exact: the kind of job obtained, the exact nature of the work, the wages received, the hours of work, the difficulty of keeping the job; and in case the job was lost, why it was lost.

We shall not publish all the letters received. That would be physically impossible. But we shall publish a judicious and interesting selection.

CLASSES AMONG NEGROES

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER of Fisk University has an article in the *American Journal of Sociology*, for March, on "Occupational Classes Among Negroes in Cities". The following is an abstract:

"Although from the time of their introduction into America individual Negroes have escaped from the economic status of the masses, and during slavery a part of the free colored population in cities constituted a distinct class because of their economic and cultural development, the most significant differentiation of the population into occupational classes has occurred since the Civil War. In urban centers, where the differentiation has chiefly taken place, differences were observable in the percentage distribution of occupational classes for selected northern, southern, and border cities for 1920. The northern cities where large communities have grown up since the World War showed on the whole a greater differentiation of the population. In the case of Chicago it was possible to study the distribution of the occupational classes within the Negro community. The distribution of these classes as well as home-ownership tended to conform to Dr. Burgess' gradients for determining the growth of the city. The lower occupational groups tend to concentrate in the transition area of the city and along the railroad tracks. The movement of the higher occupational classes out from the mass of the Negro population is similar to the tendency of the more prosperous immigrants to move into areas of second and third settlement. This tendency among Negroes is held in check by the fact of color. A field study of an area with a large concentration of the upper occupational classes revealed the efforts of these classes to escape from the areas occupied by the lower economic groups in order to maintain their own standards of behavior."

Nothing illustrates more clearly the way in which outside pressure and a lack of social control within the race compels a class structure among Negroes which tend to copy that among the whites. If social class among whites had been successful in solving social problems, we could rest content; but they have been notoriously and disastrously unsuccessful. It is going to take, therefore, on the part of intelligent Negroes, some hard thinking and swift action to keep from repeating within the race the subjection of the working masses, which is the rule of European civilization.

EURASIA

MOST American Negroes know nothing of Eurasia. They are quite ignorant of the fact that there are in various parts of Asia, and particularly in India and Burma, 1,300,000 mulattoes who are descendants of whites and Asiatics. They have faced the same kind of problems as Negro-white mulattoes in America. Their physical and mental ability has been decried and systematically lied about. They have been kicked down by the white folk and kicked out by brown people. They have had great difficulty in achieving any inner unity, and have continually faced the disintegration in their own ranks which made Eurasian men think of themselves as European rather than Asiatic, and let Eurasian women choose concubinage to cheap white men rather than marriage to Asiatics.

With all this, we can sympathize only too well. We have been through it all, and we have conquered, and the Eurasians are going to conquer. They are today meeting and refuting the lies told about them; they are giving up lamentations over their Asiatic blood; they are producing poets and reformers like Derozio; heroes like Skinner; women like Kitty Kirkpatrick and Alice Gomez, the great Eurasian singer.

They can point, as we can, to many distinguished white families, who say nothing of their colored blood. They have left behind the usual argument as to name, whether they should be called "European" or "Anglo-Indian" or "Eurasian". At last the turning point has come. They are centering upon education and leadership; upon economic and political emancipation, and upon communal co-operation. They are raising money for investigation. Thus, in British India and in the Malay Islands, rises this new and interesting race problem, together with the men who are determined to solve it.

American Negroes who are interested should read "The Eurasian Problem" by Kenneth E. Wallace; "Cimmerii", by Cedric Dover; "Hostages to India" by Herbert A. Stark; "Henry Derozio" by Cedric Dover; and periodicals like the *Anglo-Indian Citizen* and the *Anglo-Indian Review*.

Africa

(*Continued from page* 195)

them is meaningless and purposeless.

Next, an effort must soon be made to begin work in the rural districts. For, after all, the masses of the people are still in these sections and it is a dreary life too. As we ride through these sections we always feel the loneliness of it. Sometimes one sees no sign of human life—bare huts—not a shrub or bush, a few straggly chickens, and nothing else. The people are inside the huts with nothing to do. This kind of life for bright, vigorous youth is sad and monotonous.

With my mind's eye I can see all these types of work going on during the next twenty-five years. In this transitional period of Africa from the old to the new life the Young Men's Christian Associations have a wonderful opportunity to help a great race in the making. As Dr. Mott said to the Student Federation: "Now is the time to get into Africa on the ground floor". If we lose this opportunity, it may not come again.

I have a mental picture of the needs which are tremendous. A great race with a heritage lost; its foundations of life swept away; left empty of soul, impoverished, bewildered, confused. On the other hand, a Christian student group inspired, ready to consecrate their lives to their people, just waiting to be trained and used. Again a non-student city group steeped in ignorance and poverty living an aimless life. Then the country youth full of life and vigor, yet living an idle, dreary life. And yet these are people, human beings, living in a great age, moved and controlled by great forces.

Again there is another picture—I speak in a detached way—A man with a vision; unable to sleep because of that vision; a man on the field well prepared because of his long experience, and by reason of his great love for Africa and yet bound fast by inhibitions which can be easily removed. I hear him crying out, a long voice in the wilderness, not only for financial aid, but for a man, yea, men to help him. During the great war, that same voice cried out for help in East Africa and three men answered the call. Then peril lurked on land and sea and yet these men volunteered for Y. M. C. A. work. Two gave their lives for Africa and only one returned to tell the story.

Today in times of peace and prosperity when a trip to South Africa is often taken for pleasure, not one has offered to go. Dear friends, can we let this man bear the burden alone? Although he is still young enough to see his visions materialize if inhibitions are removed, yet time flies, youth passes, life departs. Soon this cry in the wilderness will cease, let us hear it while there is yet time.

There is a town in South Africa. Through this town runs a river whose warm waters are saturated with minerals good for the healing of divers diseases. From far and near people, Europeans only, come and bathe in this life-giving stream. One day as we visited this town and conversed with some of its young people there was a bright-faced youth who impressed us very much. "Oh! Mr. Yergan," said he, "I am so glad you have come at last. I have heard so much about you and the work you are doing. I have finished High School and am teaching and trying to study privately for my A.B. In a year or two I hope to have it. I wish you would come here and organize a Y. M. C. A.; it is much needed for we have nothing to do when our work is done; one gets so tired of just going down to see the river flow by".

We left that town and came into another. That young man so saddened us that we told what he said to another group of young men with whom we talked. One said "Well, he can be glad that there is a river to watch; here in this town there is not even that. We have nothing to do".

Private Walker

(*Continued from page* 201)

man wondered what kind of animal this was that could kick like a mule with his right arm and grin like an ape at the hardest blows. The battle raged in front of the cave, and Jerry crouched behind the vines. He hated a fight.

Bill was giving ground now. One eye was partially closed, and he was bleeding profusely from the nose. His adversary realized this and was trying desperately for a knockout. He shot a wicked left to Bill's chin that sent him reeling and groggy, but the German slipped on the treacherous gravel in front of the cave. He went down on one knee almost under the stone on which Jerry was sitting behind the vines.

Private Jerry Walker was suddenly seized with a mad frenzy to end this disgusting fight. Quick as a flash he thrust his arm through the vines and came down with all his force upon the unprotected Bavarian skull with the butt end of an army automatic. The huge frame crumpled in a heap. Jerry had stopped the fight.

"Well, Big Boy, I gess we's quits," was Sergeant Dade's only comment. As usual, this was lost on Jerry.

Shortly after dark the news spread like wildfire through the Company sector—battalion headquarters heard it—even regimental headquarters, five miles back, got it—Sergeant "Memphis Bill" Dade had stayed all night and all day in the German lines, and had just returned, dragging a two hundred and fifty pound Boche with him. But to every proffered congratulation, Bill had only the one laconic reply, "Giv' it to muh buddie hyar, frum Awk'nsaw!"

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE CRISIS, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1930

State of New York, } ss.:
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared W. E. B. Du Bois, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE CRISIS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:

Publisher—The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 69 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Editor—W. E. B. Du Bois, 69 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—W. E. B. Du Bois, 69 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Business Manager—W. E. B. Du Bois, 69 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, a corporation with no stock.

Nat'l Ass'n Advancement of Colored People, 69 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Mary White Ovington, Chairman Board of Directors, 69 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Walter White, Acting Secretary, 69 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

W. E. B. DU BOIS,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1930.

Frank M. Turner, Notary Public. Queens Co. Clks. No. 2369, Reg. No. 2466 N. Y. Co. Clks. No. 324, Reg. No. 0-209. Commission expires March 30, 1930.

The Gilpin Players

(*Continued from page* 192)

Travis, Cleveland artist, who has made fascinating studies on African subjects. When they learned that he was going to Africa, the Gilpins determined to use some of the money they had earned to contribute African ethnological and art objects to the Cleveland Museum of Natural History and the Cleveland Museum of Art.

To this end, another group, interested in the work the Gilpins were doing, was formed, calling themselves the African Art Sponsors, and the two groups gave $1,500.00 to Mr. Travis, which he used to purchase the African specimens that are now on exhibition at both museums.

In the fall of 1927, the purchases of African art and ethnological objects having been paid for, the Gilpins decided to raise money for a scholarship fund for Negro art students. So the Gilpin Players Scholarship Fund was started.

It is a $5,000.00 scholarship that is handled entirely by the Cleveland Museum of Art, to be used as they see fit, to provide a course at the Cleveland School of Art for talented Negro art students. Sums of money are voted out to the Scholarship Fund by the group as often as they can be spared.

Round Table Talks—Twentieth Year Program

In November, 1910, the CRISIS began. With this issue we start the second half of the 20th year which we hope to finish with a larger circulation and a bigger and better magazine. This will be possible only through the co-operation of writers, advertisers, agents, subscribers and buyers of single copies.

I AM a "shut in". I have been sick and unable to walk for five years. I am now getting better and hope to continue. I do not use my crutches very well yet, but as I get stronger, I hope to do better.

I would be very much grieved not to have THE CRISIS, I enjoy it very much and I would be glad to send it to others, but can not earn any money. If I were able to walk, I would work for new subscribers.

Mrs. Nettie S. Turner, Arkansas.

I HAVE been a constant reader of THE CRISIS since 1912. There is nothing just like it in reading matter that comes to me. I like the stand that it takes in defense of the rights of colored people.

A. S. Hoard, Virginia.

I WISH to thank you for calling my attention to the advantages of advertising in THE CRISIS, and enclosing rates. No one knows the advantages of such advertising better than I, and it is one of my deep regrets that I do not see my way clear at present to take advantage of your proposition. Our income this year has been far below our expectations and we have been forced to eliminate a number of very desirable and even necessary activities. It has been difficult so far just to keep our heads above the water. I am hoping that by another year the situation here will be somewhat relieved, and if so, we shall be glad to take up your proposition.

North Carolina.

JUST a line to say that I admire you more and more as the days go by. I wonder what the people will do when you are here no more. I say the people for I shall also be where you are when you go.

There are very few men who have the guts to say and do what you do. I honor and respect you eternally. I am recalling the Haitian affair.

Georgia Douglas Johnson,
District of Columbia.

ALMOST daily the mail brings me favorable "echoes" from the December issue of THE CRISIS. I am convinced that you have the ears of the thoughtful readers who are concerned about an economic program for the Negro. Enclosed is a copy of a letter from the Socialist Party of America.

I anxiously await the reaction of the thinking public on the final installment of the essay and trust that our fond hopes may materialize into something very definite in the near future.

W. C. Matney, West Virginia.

LAST year the State legislature of North Carolina refused to appropriate any money for advertising State institutions of all kinds. For that reason, we found it necessary to withdraw our advertising from your magazine. We realize the fine results that our ad in your periodical brought and as soon as it is possible, we shall be very glad to resume regular advertisement with you.

I AM very much pleased with THE CRISIS and the great wosk it is going for the Race.

Olivia V. Tolbert, Arkansas.

AM sorry to be so late in renewing my subscription. Just did not have the money. I received the January number. Could you send February and March numbers together? It is a wonderful magazine. I believe in it and also get a kick out of reading it.

I'm white as to skin—and try to be otherwise, but because I treat the colored in my office just as the white and sometimes better (because they deserve it and are whiter than some of the whites), they who are so narrow and bigoted throw mud on me. But I do not care for I would not be so narrow and bigoted as they are. I'm in the United States Bureau.

GOD bless you and your co-workers to keep well and prosperous, many, very many years to continue the publication of THE CRISIS. We regard it as the best magazine for us to read and the best edited magazine of its kind anywhere. We love to read its pages because we get strength to hope on for more earnest endeavor in the general uplift of humanity.

Mrs. L. S. Seabrook, North Carolina.

I HAVE been reading THE CRISIS for about two years and I hardly think I could get along without it. I guess I will read it the rest of my life and in the next world, if they have it.

New Eastern State Penitentiary, Penn.

THE reason I did not send in prompt renewal. I have been waiting to secure new subscribers for your great magazine as I have always done for the last twelve or fifteen years.

William M. Jordan, Sr., Georgia.

THE CRISIS, 69 Fifth Ave., New York

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COUNTLESS thousands of women throughout America and lands beyond the seas have by their own choice, learned that Mme. C. J. Walker's preparations are priceless packets of beauty and that Mme. C. J. Walker's treatments by graduate Walker agents given in sanitary Walker Shoppes, are the last word in the beauty art. Adding as they do incomparable chic and charm to their hair and skin, this modern up-to-the-minute beauty service has helped these women succeed as social, business and educational leaders almost everywhere.

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